

No. LXIX.—JAN., 1899.

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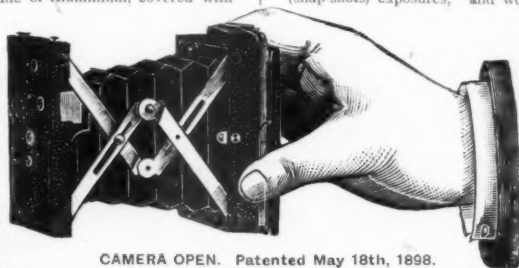
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Contents :

	PAGE
I.—Portrait of H. Clarence Whaite, P.R.C.A.	Frontispiece
II.—A Phase of the Art of Clarence Whaite. By J. ERNEST PHYTHIAN	I
III.—A Note on a New Aspect of Omar Khayyám, with twenty specimen renderings of the Rubáiyát. By GEORGE MILNER	9
IV.—Edward Fitz Gerald and some recent Omar Khayyám Litera- ture. By TINSLEY PRATT.....	19
V.—The Scottish Jacobites and their Battles, Songs, and Music. By THOMAS NEWBIGGING.....	32
VI.—With Jonson at Hawthornden. By the Rev. A. W. FOX ...	61
VII.—Mary Cox—Her Book. By EDMUND MERCER.....	85
VIII.—A Note on Thackeray. By EDGAR ATKINS	90
IX.—A Dragon-Fly in the City. By JOHN MORTIMER	93



MANCHESTER QUARTERLY ADVERTISER,

JANUARY, 1899.

NOTICE. -Communications intended for the Editor may be addressed to MR. CREDLAND, 185, Great Cheetham Street, Higher Broughton.

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MR. CASSIDY MODELLING FROM LIFE THE PORTRAIT OF H. CLARENCE WHAITE, P.R.C.A.,
AFTER TWO HOURS STUDY.
From a Photograph.



A PHASE OF THE ART OF CLARENCE WHAITE.

By J. ERNEST PHYTHIAN.

HAPPILY the time has not arrived yet for an estimate of the life-work of Clarence Whaite. With the burden of seventy years upon him, he is still energetic and hearty, and actively pursues his calling. May it be long before his friends can no longer receive his cheery welcome at the little cottage close by his well-loved Conway river. He tells of one friend who set out to find him there, but turned back in despair, complaining that no man had a right to plant himself so far beyond the bounds of civilization. Those who either alone, or under his guidance, have found their way to Tyddyn Cynal, know what an ideal landscape painter's home is there. But though, as yet, we have not to ask what Clarence Whaite did, but only what he has done, the recent exhibition of his works at the Manchester City Art Gallery is perhaps a sufficient reason for some reference to him now.

It is only one phase of our painter's work upon which I wish to dwell. It is a phase relating not so much to his technique, or to his rendering or idealising this or that feature of natural beauty. It is a phase which reveals one attitude of his mind towards nature as a whole.

Rossetti said of Wordsworth that he was too much the High-Priest of Nature to be her lover. In the sense in

which the word "lover" is probably used in this criticism, Wordsworth himself would have been the first to agree with it. In "The Prelude" he speaks of the spirit of religious love in which he walked with Nature, and renders thanks to the mountains, the lakes, the sounding cataracts, the mists, and the winds, for youthful purity, for contentment with modest pleasures, for communion with God and Nature removed from little enmities and low desires, and for faith in human nature notwithstanding all its failings. Certainly Wordsworth did not approach Nature in the mood of a lover's dalliance or passion, he took no liberties with her; treated her always with reverence. But he *loved* Nature, though he might not dare to be her *lover*.

In Wordsworth's attitude towards Nature we may find a clue to a certain perplexity which we felt on a first visit, and, perhaps, on more than a first visit, to the recent exhibition of Mr. Clarence Whaite's work. Taken as a whole, Mr. Whaite's landscape-art is different in kind from that of any other living landscape painter. When we have criticised it on the side of handling, design, form, colour, tone, and all the other stock terms of conventional criticism, there remains something which we have not taken into account, and for which we do not at once know how to account. It is a personal equation. His work is peculiarly the revelation of a personality, of a character, of a temperament, of a faith. The work of most landscape painters tells us but little of the painters themselves, shews one side of them only, and also only one side of Nature. It shews us their sympathy with the sensuous beauty and the physical power of nature. Mr. Whaite is no less keenly alive than others to such beauty and such power. But he is alive to something more. Other painters may or may not be alive in this other way; for

the most part, they do not give evidence of it. But Mr. Whaite shews clearly that he shares the feelings towards Nature of Wordsworth, and even of the Psalmist and the Prophet of the Old Testament—with a difference, of course, so far as the latter are concerned, for no age repeats any other age, and with the addition of all that we have learned to see and love in Nature, since the days of the Hebrew poets. Why then, if Mr. Whaite reveals himself clearly, have we spoken of perplexity and difficulty? Because this particular interpretation of Nature has become so unusual, that, at first sight, we do not recognise it for what it is, and criticising the artist's work from another point of view than his own, we inevitably do him an injustice. But once we get the hint, and follow it up, the evidence is conclusive.

We might almost say that Mr. Whaite has painted his landscapes with the Old Testament open before him. The very titles of several of the pictures point to this: "The Crown of the Year," "The Strength of the Hills," "Snow in Harvest." Of another of his pictures he has said that while painting it, he had in his mind the words: "He watereth the hills from his chambers." Of the natural tendency of his thought towards the most solemn things of life, and of his desire to give expression through his art to this side of his experience, we have the witness in more than one subject where the figures compete with the landscape: "The Convent Garden," "The Awakening of Christian," "The Shepherd's Dream," "St. George and the Dragon," "Lot and the two Angels." No one will think these subjects have been chosen as lending themselves peculiarly to a successful combination of figures and landscapes. Many, perhaps, will consider the last four of the pictures just named among the least satisfactory of his works. Be it so. They are still

interesting for what they tell us of the artist himself. The Bible and "The Pilgrim's Progress" are the kind of literature he chooses for illustration. The Yew-trees of the Convent Garden and a dream akin to the dream of Joseph—these are the scenes and visions in which he takes delight.

In the Old Testament, the world is the scene of a great drama, the coming and going of the generations of man, of whom, though so little, the Lord of all is still mindful. The power and majesty of the natural world are revelations of the Divine power and majesty—nay, the natural phenomena are the immediate putting forth of the divine energy. The storm is His voice in anger, the returning calm is a sign that His anger has passed away. The fruitfulness of the earth is the manifestation of his love—God is active or latent everywhere. Our modern interest in Nature, apart from the personality behind it—though most of us still believe the personality to be there—arises from a distinction which earlier and simpler people did not make. For them, God, man, and the world must all be thought together. But our men of science, teaching us the use of such vague abstractions as "Force" and "Matter," have weakened our sense of the immanence of God in Nature. It was not so, however, with Wordsworth: It is not so with Clarence Whaite. They think essentially as did the Psalmist and the Prophet. And, one makes bold to say, their thought is the happiest and the truest. The critic, or the painter, who excludes from his view of Nature personal presence and power, finds Mr. Whaite's figures a difficulty. It will be observed that figures are rarely absent from his landscapes. One cannot say that, from the conventional point of view, they are always a gain to the

picture. They are not always "happily introduced." Artist and critic have not once or twice, in the writer's hearing, expressed a wish to get rid of nearly all of them. "Adventitious" is the adjective used by one connoisseur of the figures in the "Welsh Funeral." But Mr. Whaite has no more "introduced" the figures, than the mountains or the trees. They are essential to the landscape—given his intuitive sense that Nature, God, and Man are inseparable. The figures and the cottage-roof in "The Rainbow" are of doubtful advantage pictorially, but for thought, they are of the greatest moment, telling us that the glory of the hills, the splendour of the bow in the Heavens as the shower passes away, the promise of the Spring-time in the budding of the tree, and the birth of the lamb, wonderful as they all are, are as nothing compared with the divinely ordered destiny of the children who play in the midst of them.

It has frequently been said that Mr. Whaite owes a great deal to Turner and Ruskin. It is probably more just to trace the resemblance to a common source, to what we must almost call an old-fashioned point of view shared by them all. Turner's so-called landscapes are an epic of human life. Ruskin has spoken of the chill running through him at the thought of Switzerland robbed of its human interest. In his introduction to Wordsworth's poems, John Morley quotes a passage from "Modern Painters," which exactly describes the work of these artists in word and colour: "Wordsworth's distinctive work was a war with pomp and pretence, and a display of the majesty of simple feelings and humble hearts, together with high reflective truths in his analysis of the courses of policies and ways of men; without these his love of Nature would have been comparatively worthless." It is needless to say that we venture upon no

comparison here of the quality of the work of Mr. Whaite with that of the work of Turner and of Wordsworth; we only say that it is of the same kind, that it carries on into our own days the same tradition. Nor do we wish to maintain that Mr. Whaite has always worked consciously and exclusively in this spirit. But the intuition is there, and its influence is often obvious and almost always traceable.

Thus, the "Storm on the Sandhills" is like the storm which raged when the Prophet "saw the tents of Cushan in affliction; and the curtains of the Land of Midian did tremble;" when "God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran. His glory covered the Heavens, and the Earth was full of his praise. And his brightness was as the light; he had horns coming out of his hand; and there was the hiding of his power." When we turn to the calm of the "Thirlmere," it is a solemn awe-inspiring calm as of the quiet of the sanctuary. Again and again, as we wonder at the artist's skill in rendering the majesty of the hills we repeat to ourselves, "Who laid the foundations of the earth that it should not be removed for ever." And as the mourners (the "adventitious" figures) in "The Welsh Funeral," follow the lifeless, shrouded form over the hills to the graveyard in the valley, and look above the wreathing mist, and the snow-clad summit to the clear, sun-lit sky beyond, we think of them as saying to themselves "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction: and sayest, Return, ye children of men. . . . Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent Thee concerning Thy servants. . . . And let the beauty of the Lord our

God be upon us; and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it."

Mrs. Browning said that Shelley in subscribing himself "Atheist," belied his very nature as a poet. And surely art and materialism have nothing in common. Whatever the artist's creed, he cannot say merely "In the beginning were matter and motion." The landscape painter must inevitably spend a great part of his active mental life away from his fellow-men, unheeding of their work and aims, taking little part in the solution of social and political problems. His companions are the stream, and lake, and ocean, the wide-stretching plain and the lofty mountain, the tree and the flower, the beast of the field and the bird of the air, the sunlight and the moonlight, and the infinite depths of the star-spread sky. Is his companionship with these consciously or unconsciously a companionship with only something lower than himself? True it is that Nature cannot satisfy his every need. As Tennyson says: She half conceals and half reveals the truth within. But the beauty and the power, the passion and the peace, the lowliness and the majesty, which he finds in Nature, forbid him to feel her as alien or hostile or even indifferent to the human spirit. For him

Earth is cramm'd with Heaven,
And every common bush aflame with God.

A great part of the working-life of Clarence Whaite has been spent apart from his fellows, in communion with Nature. What, when his life-work is gathered together, has he to justify that seclusion, that withdrawal from the labour that is obviously useful? He brings us a sense of beauty, and that is much, for we do not live by bread alone. But he has striven consciously to bring us something more—his paintings

shew it, and he has said it in words—he has striven to give us, as an abiding possession, the sense that in the Nature around us are revealed, dimly though it may be, a presence and a power akin to, if infinitely transcending our own. Is this a commonplace? Perhaps it is; but to remain so it must be insisted upon; and if not to be common as well as commonplace, it must receive fresh and ever varied interpretation. And we will not complain, but be grateful rather to Mr. Clarence Whaite, in that, in the simplicity of his heart and mind, he has openly adhered to, and clearly set forth, an old-fashioned, but none the less valid and valuable truth.





A NOTE ON A NEW ASPECT OF OMAR
KHAYYÁM, WITH TWENTY
SPECIMEN RENDERINGS OF THE RUBÁIYÁT.

BY GEORGE MILNER.

THE extraordinary attention which continues to be paid to Omar Khayyám and to Edward Fitz Gerald's so-called translation, and the fact that a new theory has been started with reference to the true relation between the two poets are perhaps apology sufficient for returning once more to the subject. Of course there has always been debate as to how much or how little of Omar Khayyám was in Fitz Gerald's poem. At first I think it was accepted as a veritable translation, but this opinion prevailed only for a short time. Then the brilliancy of some of the quatrains, and, above all, the singularly modern touch which so frequently appeared, led to the impression that what we had was Fitz Gerald, and little else. Later the publication of Mr. Whinfield's Persian Text of Omar, with an English verse-translation sent the pendulum back again, and it was acknowledged that, after all, there was more of Omar in the English Eclogue than we thought. Some fifteen years ago, in reviewing Mr. Whinfield's book, I brought forward the nine quatrains numbered 82 to 90 in Fitz Gerald as illustrating the true nature of the translation, and Fitz Gerald's method of working. These nine stanzas are elaborated from a single verse, the one numbered 103 in the Bodleian Manuscript. Three of these—the 82nd,

83rd and 87th—may be regarded as an amplification of Omar's verse, but the remaining six are pure additions. Here we see clearly that Fitz Gerald could never have seriously intended his work to be regarded as a translation in the ordinary sense. The wonder is that he should have issued it as a translation at all. The fact that he evidently wished to produce something in the nature of a consecutive English poem will account for many of his vagaries as a translator. He probably thought that the English reader would not care for the entirely detached and isolated quatrains of which the original Persian consists. He may also have presumed upon the general ignorance of Persian at that time, and perhaps, not thinking his work of any great importance, and not foreseeing that in later days libraries all over the world would be ransacked, and Omar with other Persian poets studied with minute and laborious care, have not been over scrupulous as to the guise in which his production was to be sent forth. At this point, then, we had arrived at the time of the publication of Mr. Whinfield's translation. Nor had we advanced much further when, at the beginning of 1898, Mr. Edward Heron-Allen issued his sumptuous volume containing fac-similes of the M.S. in the Bodleian, with a literal prose translation by himself, with elaborate notes and references. In the Introduction to this volume Mr. Heron-Allen, speaking of Fitz Gerald's work, said—"A translation pure and simple it is *not*, but a translation in the most classic sense of the term it undoubtedly is." But now all this has been suddenly changed. Mr. Allen, following up a clue indicated by Professor Cowell long ago, has come to the conclusion that Fitz Gerald's "*Omar Khayyám*" is not even a translation in the limited sense in which he had so recently used the word. He now says that "the poem familiar to

English readers as the 'Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám' is the expressed result of Fitz Gerald's entire course of Persian studies." At the time when he was making his so-called translation of Omar it seems his mind was saturated with Persian literature and history in many forms. Professor Cowell, who was his teacher in Persian and who introduced Omar to his notice, says—writing to Mr. Allen in July of last year—"I am quite sure that he did not make a literal prose version first, he was too fond of getting the strong vivid impression of the original as a whole. He pondered this over and over afterwards, and altered it in his lonely walks, sometimes approximating nearer to the original, and often diverging farther. He was always aiming at some strong and worthy equivalent; verbal accuracy he disregarded." This being his method he appears to have allowed ideas and passages from other Persian poets to come in without scruple. That this was the case Mr. Heron-Allen now proves. He has made an exhaustive examination of the poem itself, and has also, he says, read every work to which Fitz Gerald refers in his letters during the time he was composing the poem and has traced the actual originals of debatable lines and discovered the sources from which his information concerning Persia and the Persians was derived. The net result, then, is that much of what appears as Omar Khayyám is taken with more or less accuracy and directness from Hafiz, Sa'adi, Jami, Attar, and others. In the space at my disposal I can only take one or two illustrations.

Few of Fitz Gerald's quatrains are better known than No. XVIII.—

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;
And Bábám, that great Hunter—the wild Ass
Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his Sleep.

Now the only original for the first two lines is to be found in a quotation from Hafiz made by Sir William Jones in his *Persian Grammar*—

The Spider holds the veil in the palace of Cæsar ;
The Owl stands sentinel on the watch-tower of Afrasiab.

The third and fourth lines come from the Calcutta M.S. of Omar. Again No. 67 in Fitz Gerald is—

Heav'n, but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,
And Hell the Shadow of a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

It is said that there is no parallel for this in Omar, though there is a hint of it in quatrain 33 of the Bodleian, and 90 of the Calcutta M.S. The real original is in Attar.—

Heaven and Hell are reflections, the one of Thy goodness, and the other of Thy malice.

One other illustration must suffice. No. 32 of Fitz Gerald runs thus :—

There was the Door to which I found no Key,
There was the Veil through which I might not see ;
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me.

The foundation of this may be found in No. 387 of the Calcutta M.S., but it is more fully expounded in a remarkable passage from Attar :—

The Creator of the world spoke thus to David from behind the Curtain of the Secret : "Everything in the world, good or bad, visible or invisible, is mere substitute, unless it be Me, Me for whom thou canst find neither substitute nor equal. Since nothing can be substituted for Me, do not cease to abide in Me, I am thy soul, be not separated from Me ; I am necessary, thou art dependent upon Me. . . . Seek not to exist apart from Me."

This is a curious passage, and the remarkable thing about it is that it might have been taken bodily from Thomas à Kempis.

The only point I have to add is that I think Mr. Heron-Allen hardly gives weight enough to the consideration that these Persian poets, like others of the singing-tribe of west and east, before them and after, have many current images and conventional phrases of which they made common coin; and also that they were ever imitating and paraphrasing each other; and, upon occasions not infrequent, filching either cunningly or clumsily from the store which their predecessors had accumulated; so that when Fitz Gerald took from Ferid-ud-din Attar he might be only appropriating that which Attar had taken from Omar who was his immediate precursor.

TWENTY RUBÁIYÁT FROM OMAR KHAYYÁM.

Rendered into English verse chiefly from the literal prose translations of Mr. Edward Heron-Allen.

NOTE.—The numbers are those of the Rubáiyát, as they appear in the Bodleian M.S. No titles are given in the original.

I.—ORTHODOXY.

If I in pearls of song paid not thy due,
At least, I never from my face withdrew
The dust of sin; so, mercy, Lord, I crave;
For why? I never said that One was Two.

II.—ABNEGATION.

Better in taverns tell my thought to Thee
Than in the mosque, unthinking, bend my knee;
Dread Power! Just as Thou wilt—burn me in Hell,
Or at Thy side in Heaven let me be.

III.—HUMILITY.

So far as in thee lies, do not deride
The helpless drunkard. Lay pretence aside ;
If henceforth in thy life thou seekest rest,
With humble folk content thee to abide.

IV.—TENDERNESS.

As in thee lieth, grieve not any one,
Let thine own anger burn for thee alone ;
Would'st thou hereafter find eternal peace,
Fret, if thou wilt, thyself, but harass none.

V.—LIVE FOR TO-DAY.

To-morrow !—*Then* for thee no moon may shine,
Make happy *now* this passionate heart of thine ;
Next moon may seek us long but find us not,
Drink with thy Moon—drink now the fragrant wine.

NOTE.—The word "moon" is here used in three senses—the moon in the sky, the moon as a month, and the Moon his mistress.

VI.—THE KORAN AND THE WINE-CUP.

Men read the Koran slackly now and then—
Say this is best—we'll read once more—but when ?
Ah, on the Wine-Cup's rim a text is writ
Which they will read again and yet again.

VII.—OBLIVION.

Wine and our drunken bodies—both are clear ;
But on the drinking-bench no hope or fear ;
Souls, hearts, and garments reek with lees of wine
And earth, air, water are no longer here.

VIII.—FRIENDSHIP.

Make but few friends in life, for that is best ;
If some be near, keep far away the rest ;
 When Wisdom's eye is opened thou may'st find,
He is thy foe who leant upon thy breast.

IX.—THE JUG.

This jug was once a lover such as I,
And with a fair one lip to lip did lie ;
 This curling handle on its neck, an arm
That round another's neck lay tenderly.

LXVI.—A REJOINDER.

I saw a man who trampled on the clay
Contemptuous ; but I heard the trampled say
 In mystic language, " Be thou very still,
Thou may'st, like me, be trampled on to-day."

LXXII.—ETERNAL SECRETS.

The eternal secrets are a tangled skein ;
Who would unravel them makes labour vain,
 Tyro and teacher, simpleton and sage,
Alike in abject impotence remain.

LXXX.—SPRING.

The breeze of Spring is in the world again,
And hope revives with soft-descending rain,
 The budding boughs are white as Moses' hand,
And Jesu's perfumed breath floats o'er the plain.

LXXXII.—THE ROSEBUD.

Each morn bedecks the tulip's face with dew,
And tender violets are bent downward too;
But, best of all the rosebud is to me,
Whose closely gathered skirts show nothing through.

LXXXIII.—THE EMPTY GLASS.

Friends, when ye meet the waning day to crown
With mirth and wine, remember I am gone;
And as—poor helpless one!—my turn comes round
For drinking—turn a goblet upside down.

LXXXVI.—“FOLLOW ME.”

If thou desirest Him—this shalt thou find—
Wife, child, and friend must all be left behind;
Alone into the wilderness depart,
And every burden from thy back unbind.

LXXXIX.—THE POTTER.

Within the crowded market yesterday
I saw a potter pounding lumps of clay
That said, in mystic tongue “We were as thou,
And thou shalt be as we—deal gently, pray!”

XCIV.—THE CHESS BOARD.

Now I speak plain—not parables alone—
Heaven plays; we are the pieces; naught is known;
We're moved across the Board of Life, then fall
Into the box of Nothing, one by one.

XCVIII.—THE TWO LOGS.

Come, fill the cup, for day breaks white as snow ;
Learn colour from the wine in ruby-glow ;
Bring me two logs of aloe and make one
Into a lute—the other burn below.

CI.—COUNSEL.

I give thee counsel—listen unto me ;
For sake of Heaven wear not hypocrisy ;
Hereafter ends not ; Time is but a day ;
For that one day, sell not Eternity.

CIII.—POTS AND POTTER.

Into a potter's shop I went last night,
And saw two thousand pots, to left and right ;
Some spoke aloud, some sadly held their peace,
But one, aggressive, cried with all his might—
“ Who makes the pots ? That's what I want to know ;
Who buys us, standing in ignoble row ?
Who has the right to sell us ?—tell me that ;
And when we're sold, where is it that we go ? ”

THREE EPIGRAMS.

They say “ Fitz ” rendered “ Omar ; ” but who knows
When Fitz comes in and when old Omar goes ?
The more I turn the subtle problem o'er,
The more within my brain the point is dim—
Did Fitz translate Khayyám or Khayyám him ?

THE RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM.

A brimming beaker, and an empty glass,
 Love wreathed with roses, but, along the grass
 A serpent slides and hisses words profane ;
 A devotee that on his carpet falls,
 Then mocks the Heaven he gloried in before,
 And ere the dawn beside the tavern-door
 For wine, more wine, in tipsy accent calls.

Tent-cloth is "Omar's"—that we don't deny ;
 But only "Fitz" could cord and pegs supply ;
 His, too, the hand that on the homely web
 Wrought many a dainty flower and rainbow dye.





EDWARD FITZ GERALD, AND SOME RECENT
OMAR KHAYYÁM LITERATURE.

BY TINSLEY PRATT.

THE name of Edward Fitz Gerald has been frequently before the public of late 'in association with the recent revival of interest in Omar Khayyám, occasioned by some new renderings of his famous Rubáiyát. The first writer to introduce Omar to European readers was Dr. Thomas Hyde, Regius professor of Hebrew and Arabic at Oxford, in a publication dated 1700. Perhaps the earliest, however, to make a real study of the quatrains was Von Hammer-Purgstall, who, in 1818, published in Vienna verse-translations of twenty-five quatrains. Through this source Omar became known to Emerson. But we must regard Edward Fitz Gerald as the first to bring the old Persian before English readers in anything like an attractive form. It may, therefore, be of some interest to recall to mind some details of the life of one who has contributed so largely to the intellectual pleasure of the English-speaking race. In an address before the Omar Khayyám Club a short time since, the American Ambassador, Colonel John Hay said: "Wherever the English speech is spoken or read, Fitz Gerald's Rubáiyát have taken their place as a classic. There is not a hill-post in India, or a village in England where there is not

a *coterie* to whom Omar Khayyám (Fitz Gerald's Omar) is not a familiar friend, and a bond of union." One cannot perhaps accept this deliverance literally, though no doubt there is a suspicion of truth in what the speaker said.

Edward Fitz Gerald was born at Bredfield House, near Woodbridge, Suffolk, on March 31st, 1809. He was the third son of John Purcell, who, on the death of a relative in 1818, took the name and arms of Fitz Gerald. In 1821 the boy was sent to King Edward the Sixth's Grammar School, at Bury St. Edmunds. In 1826 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1830. One of his college companions was Thackeray, and though the three brothers Tennyson were his contemporaries there, he did not become closely associated with them until his university career had ended. Frederick Tennyson, however, became his life-long friend, whose poetry, though little appreciated by the general public, found a warm admirer in Fitz Gerald. The late Poet-Laureate, too, nourished a strong affection for this most genial of men, as is shown in the Dedication to Fitz Gerald of the poem "Tiresias." In 1835 Fitz Gerald settled down in a little cottage at Boulge, near Bredfield, and here his friends were George Crabbe, son of the poet, and Bernard Barton, the quaker-poet of Woodbridge, whose daughter he afterwards married. He had no liking for the conventional usages of society, and hence was something of a recluse. To those, however, whom he admitted to his intimacy, he was the most delightful of companions. When Thackeray, not long before his death, was asked by his daughter which of his old friends he loved best, he replied, "Why, dear old Fitz, to be sure, and Brookfield;" and Lord Tennyson, on hearing of his death, wrote to Sir Frederick Pollock: "I had no truer friend; he was one of the kindest of men, and I have

never known one of so fine and delicate a wit." In a letter to Frederick Tennyson, dated from Boulogne, February 24th, 1844, Fitz Gerald thus describes his mode of life: "I have had three influenzas, but this is no wonder, for I live in a hut with walls as thin as a sixpence; windows that don't shut; a clay soil safe beneath my feet; a thatch perforated by lascivious sparrows over my head. Here I sit, read, smoke, and become very wise, and am already quite beyond earthly things. I must say to you, as Basil Montagu once said, in perfect charity to his friends, 'You see, my dear fellows, I like you very much, but I continue to advance, and you remain where you are (you see), and so I shall be compelled to leave you behind me.' You must begin to read Seneca, whose letters I have been reading; else when you come back to England, you will be no companion to a man who despises wealth, death, etc. I don't think old Seneca believed he should live again. Death is his great resource. . . . I am going this evening to eat toasted cheese with that celebrated poet, Bernard Barton, and I must stir and look about for my greatcoat, brush myself—etc. It blows a 'harrico,' as Theodore Hook used to say, and will rain before I get to Woodbridge. . . . I wish you were here to smoke a pipe with me. I play of evenings some of Handel's great choruses, which are the bravest music, after all. I am getting to the true John Bull style of music. I delight in Handel's *Allegro* and *Penseroso*." In another letter, dated May 24th, he writes: "You know my way of life so well that I need not describe it to you, as it has undergone no change since I saw you. I read of mornings the same old books over and over again, having no command of new ones; walk with my great black dog of an afternoon, and at evening sit with open windows, up to which China roses climb, with my pipe, while the

blackbirds and thrushes begin to rustle bedwards in the garden, and the nightingale to have the neighbourhood to herself." Yet again (Dec. 8th), he says, "Why should I not live in London and see the world? you say. Why then, *I* say, as before, I don't like it. I think the dulness of country people is better than the impudence of Londoners; and the fresh cold and wet of our clay fields better than a fog that stinks *per se*; and this room of mine, clean, at all events, better than a dirty room in Charlotte Street." This system of isolation from the world, and the centre of current thought, was perhaps answerable for some of those occasional lapses when his critical faculties had apparently gone a-wool-gathering. In a letter to Frederick Tennyson, referring to his brother Alfred, he says: "Moxon told me he was about to publish another edition of his '*Princess*,' with interludes added between the parts, and also that he was about to print, but (I think) not publish, *those elegiacs on Hallam*. . . . Had I Alfred's voice, I would not have mumbled for years over '*In Memoriam*' and '*The Princess*.' What can '*In Memoriam*' do but make us sentimental?" In 1874 Fitz Gerald removed to his own house at Woodbridge, called Little Grange, where he continued to reside until his death, which took place on June 14th, 1883.

I have not space to deal with Fitz Gerald's various publications—his translations from Æschylus, Sophocles, and Calderon—his society verses, many of which may be found in Mr. Locker-Lampson's *Lyra Elegantiarum*—or other works of a literary character. It is, however, by his rendering of the quatrains of Omar Khayyám that Fitz Gerald's name will chiefly live. The original author of the Rubáiyát was born at Naishápúr, in Khorassán, sometime between 1050-60, A.D., and died there in 1123. He was known in his day as a mathematician, astronomer,

freethinker, and epigrammatist. His work on algebra and other treatises of a similar character raised him to the foremost rank among the mathematicians of his time. Great, however, as was his scientific fame, it was eclipsed by his still greater poetical renown. That Omar desired above all things a peaceful life is apparent in a request which he made to the Vizier. "The greatest boon," he said, "you can confer upon me is to let me live in a corner under the shadow of your fortune, to spread wide the advantages of science, and pray for your long life and prosperity." Omar quaintly refers to his poetical name (*Khayyám*), which means a tent-maker, in the following lines: "*Khayyám, who stitched at the tents of Wisdom, fell into the furnace of Sorrow and was suddenly burnt; the Shears of Doom cut the tent-rope of his existence, and the broker of hope sold him for a mere song.*" The following story is related by Khwa-Jah Nizámi of Samarcand, one of Omar's pupils, "I often used to hold conversations with my teacher Omar *Khayyám*, in a garden; and one day he said to me, 'My tomb shall be in a place where the north wind may scatter roses over it.' I wondered at the words he spake, but I knew that his were no idle words. Years after, when I chanced to revisit *Náishápur*, I went to his final resting-place, and lo! it was just outside a garden, and trees laden with fruit stretched their boughs over the wall, and dropped their flowers upon his tomb, so that the stone was hidden under them." This pretty fancy has supplied Mr. Andrew Lang with the idea for the following verse:

Wise Omar, do the southern breezes fling
 Above your grave at ending of the Spring,
 The snow-drift of the petals of the rose—
 The wild, white roses you were wont to sing!

Fitz Gerald commenced the study of Persian in 1853,

under his friend, Professor Cowell, using Sir William Jones's Persian Grammar. In a letter to Frederick Tennyson, dated 27th December, of that year, he says: "I also amuse myself with poking out some Persian which E. Cowell would inaugurate me with; I go on with it because it is a point in common with him, and enables us to study a little together." Writing to Professor W. H. Thompson, he says: "As to my own peccadilloes in verse, which never pretend to be original, this is the story of "*Rubáiyát*." I have translated them partly for Cowell. Young Parker asked me some years ago for something for *Fraser*, and I gave him the less wicked of these to use if he chose. He kept them for two years without using; and as I saw he didn't want them, I printed some copies with Quaritch; and keeping some for myself, gave him the rest. Cowell, to whom I sent a copy, was naturally alarmed at it; he being a very religious man; . . . In another letter referring to the same subject he says: "I published my version of it in 1856 (I think) with Parker, of the Strand. When Parker disappeared, my unsold copies, many more than of the sold, were returned to me; some of which, if not all, I gave to little Quaritch, who, I believe, trumpeted them off to some little profit, and I thought no more of them." But the little book caused no sort of stir in the literary world until copies fell into the hands of Mr. Swinburne, and D. G. Rossetti, when it speedily became the text-book of a cult.

Let me now turn to a book published within the past few months, which I think we may rely upon as being the safest translation of Omar Khayyám yet given to the public. This is Mr. Edward Heron-Allen's "*Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*," being a fac-simile of the manuscript in the Bodleian Library. It contains a transcript into

modern Persian characters, together with a literal prose translation, and a very scholarly introduction. Here, at least, we have the true Omar. There is a good deal of nonsense talked and written in these days with regard to the rival merits of a bald literal translation, as compared with a poetical rendering. The subject is not perhaps worth the waste of energy expended upon it. The aim of a translation being to dress a foreign classic for readers in another language, surely the most successful translation, therefore, is the one which affords the most pleasure to the greatest number of readers unfamiliar with the original. We know that Pope's "Homer" contained a fair leaven of Pope, but if the latter writer succeeded in reproducing some spirit of the original, together with something of its expression, we cannot surely quarrel with him if the result be pleasing. So with Fitz Gerald's Omar Khayyám. We have long known that Fitz Gerald took considerable liberties with the old tent-maker's quatrains, but we were never let so fully into the secret until the consummation of Mr. Heron-Allen's labours of twelve years made this possible. We now find that Fitz Gerald's Omar is not a translation in the strict sense of the word, but is a very free adaptation of certain passages in the original, which have perhaps more of Fitz Gerald in them than Omar. Nor has Fitz Gerald derived his material entirely from the tent-maker of Náishápur, for he has borrowed sentiments and expressions from Attar, Sadi, and other Persian poets. Regarded as an appendage to Fitz Gerald's Omar, Mr. Heron-Allen's book is of considerable value, but it may safely be said that Omar Khayyám, robbed of the glamour of Fitz Gerald's verse—"the melancholy richness of the rolling quatrains," is Mr. George Saintsbury's description of it—would have appealed to a very limited circle of readers in a merely literal prose translation as here given.

Having thus traced Fitz Gerald's inspiration to its source, let us now turn to a consideration of how far he departs from a literal rendering of his author. Here are some notable quatrains from the prose translation side by side with Fitz Gerald's stanzas :

They say that the garden of Eden is pleasant to the houris : I say that the juice of the grape is pleasant. Hold fast this cash and let that credit go, for the noise of drums, brother, is pleasant from afar.

Some for the glories of this world, and some
Sigh for the Prophet's paradise to come ;
Ah, take the cash and let the credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum.

Everywhere that there has been a rose or a tulip-bed there has been spilled the crimson blood of a King ; every violet shoot that grows from the earth is a mole that was once upon the cheek of a beauty.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled ;
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head.

Already on the day of Creation beyond the heavens my soul searched for the tablet and pen, and for Heaven and Hell ; and at last the teacher said to me, with his enlightened judgment, ' Tablet and pen, and Heaven and Hell, are within thyself.'

I sent my soul through the invisible,
Some letter of that after life to spell ;
And by and bye my soul returned to me,
And answered ' I myself am Heaven and Hell.'

Take heed to stay me with the wine-cup, and make this amber face like a ruby, when I die wash me with wine, and out of the wood of the vine make the planks of my coffin.

Ah, with the grape my fading life provide,
And wash the body whence the life has died,
And leave me, shrouded in the living leaf,
By some not unfrequented garden-side.

Mr. John Leslie Garner, himself a translator of Omar,

says, "Fitz Gerald doubtless set himself the task, not of literally reproducing the original, but of creating a work of art, of awakening in his hearers thoughts and feelings similar to those aroused by the tent-maker in his audience; and, allowing for the difference in time and place, he has given us the real Omar, for he has touched in the spirit of the nineteenth century, no less surely than did Omar in the eleventh, the chords of hope and despair, of faith and fear, of reason and revolt. Of a poem remote both in time and place, only a paraphrase can meet the modern standards of criticism and be in itself a work of art, which a translation, in the strict meaning of the word, can never be, although it too may have its uses." I am of opinion that some writers who have dealt with Omar subsequent to Fitz Gerald, have, in their renderings, and in their conceptions of Omar's philosophy of life, been too apt to confuse the matter with the metaphor, and to mistake the one for the other. I submit the following quatrains as examples of the interpretations I should be disposed to put upon some of the apparently paradoxical sentiments to which Omar not infrequently gives expression.

RENDERINGS OF SOME OF THE QUATRAINS OF
OMAR KHAYYÂM.

Behold, I kneel ! though sinful to the core,
My life is now with sorrow darkened o'er ;
Nor am I hopeless of Thy mercy, save
That little service have I shown before.

Creations First and Last of Thee I pray
That Thou wilt set me in the clearer way ;
Till now I followed but the lure of Sin :
—A prodigal although my years are grey.

Lend me Thine ear ! While open stands the door,
I bow me down with sorrow stricken sore :
The master of the tavern stands a-gape
To find me kneeling thus upon the floor.

Do with me as Thou wilt ! Or cherish me,
Or let me suffer in the flame for Thee !

'Tis well the tavern-haunter hears my grief,
That he the snare of sin may quickly flee.

—Khayyam, what talk is this of grief and sin ?
How shouldst thou hope the meed of grace to win
By fruitless whining at the door of Fate ?

—Thinkest thou there are no others of thy kin ?

What time is this for words ?—come, give me wine !
And let thy deep dark eyes upon me shine !

—Ah, love, we'll put by sorrow till the morn,
The hours till then, O, loved one ! all are thine.

Hear thou the truth from Khayyám. Though men say
Thou may'st not rob upon the world's highway :

The Word runs, couldst thou read it but aright,
“ Let not man's blame the hand of justice stay ! ”

Few friends are best. Why wilt thou ope thy mind
To every chance acquaintance of thy kind ?

He whom thou holdest dear, perchance, shall prove,
At utmost need unstable as the wind.

Forbear thy wrath !—So far as in thee lies
Give pain to none, but look with gentle eyes
Upon thy brother's fault, so shalt thou dwell
With those the world doth hold exceeding wise.

Ah, woe to him that feels not passion's sway,
His life no morrow hath, nor yesterday,

—Dull clod of earth ! without heart-cheering love
Far better thou wert buried 'neath the clay !

Scorn not the mean artificer of earth,
Nor coldly glance on those of humble birth ;

For know, thou proud one ! that some hovel poor
Ere this hath reared the life of sovereign worth.

To-morrow is not thine, nor hast thou power
To stay thy going for a single hour :

Rejoice thy heart ! and but remember this
—If not the seed-time thou hast known the flower.

To-day is sweet!—Why talk of yesterday?
 Thou canst not bid the breeze of Spring to stay!
 The rose that blooms to-night perchance may fall
 Or ere the morrow's dawn awakens grey.

Take heed! The sword of Destiny is keen:
 If Fortune place thy wanton lips between
 The almond sweets of life, receive them not,
 For subtle poison lurketh there unseen.

He knew who breathed into this life of mine,
 I should not scorn the treasures of the vine;
 Then let the churlish one say what he will,
 Since I was born to sing of love and wine.

In cell and college some may seek for grace,
 And yearn to look upon the Prophet's face:
 I say, if ye but read His lesson well,
 The touch shall come within a little space!

What though my words have oft been laughed to scorn?
 Impotent are the lives of woman born:
 I say but this—how great so e'er Thou be,
 Thou canst not stay the coming-on of dawn!

Regard my virtues one by one. I pray:
 My faults at every ten do Thou but stay;
 And, in Thy count, let this be in Thy mind
 —“Thus I perchance, had fallen by the way.”

The girdle of my woes hath many years:
 I water oxen with my frequent tears:
 Yet Hell to me is but an hour of care,
 And Paradise a life devoid of fears.

As o'er the sandy desert wastes the wind
 Sweeps on and leaves no trace for man behind,
 So sweeps the torrent of my grief through me,
 Nor holdeth habitation in my mind.

Yon vault of blue that canopies my head
 Shall nourish still the Earth when I am dead:
 Why should I grieve? or, shall it be my gain
 To sorrow ere my lusty days are fled?

Within yon azure dome I read no grief
 —Why should I render pleasure then more brief?
 My life is but a day within His eye,
 And passeth with the falling of the leaf.

Unconquerable Fate! can nothing turn
 Thy purpose from the life I cannot spurn?
 . . . Then, sweet-faced bearer of the golden cup,
 Give me to drink ere I to dust return!

Mr. Garner's "Stanzas of Omar Khayyám" comes to us in a second edition, but it will probably be new to many readers. Mr. Garner, like Whinfield and others, has adopted the form of quatrain employed by Fitz Gerald, and as he has given new renderings of most of the familiar stanzas in Fitz Gerald his translation naturally suffers from comparison with the incomparable work of his predecessor. It would be an easy matter to cite examples, but Mr. Garner would probably be the first to admit that where he invites comparison with Fitz Gerald his work naturally appears trite and tame. Many of Mr. Garner's stanzas, however, are distinctly fine, such as the one beginning "I am as from Thy crucible I came," and many others, but what can excuse the number of irregular lines which are scattered through his work—lines, sometimes, of eight syllables, and at other times running to the length of twelve syllables?

With regard to Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's recent deliverance, which he describes as "a paraphrase," perhaps little need be said. Where he is faithful his work at its best is but a poor imitation of Fitz Gerald, but for the most part Mr. Le Gallienne can claim originality, since his rendering, where he departs from Fitz Gerald, is as unlike the real Omar, as is possible to conceive. I will not deal at length, with his blatant preface in which he talks of his "humble attempt to add to the poetry of nations," and the originality of his publisher. Mr. Le Gallienne

describes his Omar as a "thinker—drinker," and by his own interpretation he was certainly little else. Mr. Le Gallienne fancies, however, that he has struck at least one original vein. He says: "One interest of Omar's existence I may perhaps claim to represent with a more proportionate fulness—his interest in love and women with langourous narcissus eyes." Here is a specimen :

Eternal torment some sour wits foretell
 For those who follow wine and love too well—
 Fear not, for God were left alone in Heaven
 If all the *lovely lovers* burnt in Hell.

It would not be fair to say that Mr. Le Gallienne cannot do better than this, but he has rarely done anything worse, and where he attempts to improve upon Fitz Gerald he does not deserve, and he cannot expect very charitable treatment. There was no reason whatever why he should not have done such of Omar's quatrains as had not been handled by Fitz Gerald, and had he been content to be faithful he might have rendered some service to Omarian literature. But whether it was that fatal originality of his publisher, or the allurements of those "women with langourous narcissus eyes" that have enticed Mr. Le Gallienne from the paths of literary rectitude cannot expressly be said, but it has clearly been a case of hopeless seduction. These two conflicting forces have, between them, proved too strong for a mere poet, and Mr. Le Gallienne has been driven into a corner. Poor Omar ! What has he done to deserve all this ?





THE SCOTTISH JACOBITES AND THEIR BATTLES, SONGS, AND MUSIC.

BY THOMAS NEWBIGGING.

THE impassioned loyalty displayed by the adherents of the Stuarts is one of the distinctive features of the latter part of the seventeenth, and the first half of the eighteenth century.

At this day we can speak with coolness of their heroic efforts on behalf of that ill-starred line, even smile at the misguided zeal that was devoted, first, to the reinstatement of James the Second upon the throne, and, later, to win the crown for the two Pretenders; but it was a serious matter for the men engaged in those enterprises—it was life or death to them, nor did they shrink from the ordeal.

Whatever the shortcomings of the Highlanders in the sad events of that time, their unswerving loyalty to a kingly race, and their intrepidity in the face of danger braved in evincing that loyalty, cannot be called in question.

The Stuarts scarcely deserved such devotion as was displayed towards them. Their bad qualities far outweighed the good. Clever and brave some of them undoubtedly were, but stubborn, obstinate, self-willed, and selfish to a degree. The last King of that line,

James the Second, was the least capable and the most perverse of them all, and his stupid bigotry led him to destruction ; whilst, as a further result, it exploded, even more than did the execution of his father the first Charles, the fallacy that any special divinity doth hedge a King.

With James on the throne and Jeffreys on the bench—about as vile a combination as ever afflicted a people—there was deadly work in the country. The “Bloody Assize” inoculated the men of Dorset and Somerset from the contagion of Jacobitism if ever they were in danger of being infected by it. So it was also in other parts of the kingdom where similar abuse of power was exercised. In short, Jacobitism, as represented by James, from whom the name was derived, compassed its own death wherever it had elbow-room to work.

In the far North matters were different. The yoke of the Stuarts had never been heavy upon the Highland clans, owing in part to their inaccessibility, and to the fact that the social polity of the Highlands in those days largely precluded outside interference.

True, the Stuart kings had been in the occasional habit of issuing “Letters of Fire and Sword” against different clans. This was only another name for legalised murder and extermination. Writs of this kind were readily obtained on payment by anyone who had a grievance to avenge, and even as between one clan and another. But the clansmen against whom such a writ was directed, were generally well able to give a good account of themselves, and so to nullify its effect. Indeed, the terrible consequences which the writ implied inspired but little fear in, if it was not really welcomed by, the delinquent clan, as an incentive to their rubbing the rust off their claymores.

There is a vein of imaginative enthusiasm, and an affectionate clinging to old faces and associations deep down in the Scottish nature that is often unsuspected by ordinary observers. The Stuarts were the lineal descendants of Robert Bruce, the deliverer of Scotland from the tyranny of Edward the First, and that might surely count for something, especially with the Lowland Scottish Jacobites.

There was little that could be deemed selfish in the way of hope of personal aggrandisement in the Jacobite movement in Scotland, particularly in its later development. On the contrary, there was the risk of loss of estate, exile, and death either on the battlefield or the scaffold, to restrain men actuated by other than motives of the most disinterested kind.

It must be remembered, as partly accounting for Jacobitism, that during the closing years of the seventeenth, and the earlier years of the eighteenth century, two of the most potent forces which in all ages of the world's history have stirred human nature to the depths, were at work to precipitate a decisive struggle. The supercession of the Stuarts was a blow which struck at the root, not only of the political hopes and predilections, but also of the religious susceptibilities of a large section of the people, and hence the bitterness of heart, that always attends religious feud, which now found vent in virulent anathema and fierce conflict.

There was Presbyterianism, and the Covenant against Episcopacy and Catholicism, Whig against Tory, Loyalist against Nonjuror. But the dividing line was not drawn with mathematical precision. There was an intricacy in its ramifications. It was not simply a question of Papist and Non-papist, Prelatist and Presbyterian, Tory and Whig. They were to a greater or less

extent found on both sides, though there was also a preponderance of each on the respective sides—the Tory, the Papist, and the Prelatist favouring the old regime; the Whig, the Presbyterian and the Covenanter the new.

James Francis, the old Pretender as he was called by his enemies, though he was the true lineal heir to the throne, was far from being a lovable character. His physical appearance, even, was against him. With his dark complexion and sombre cast of countenance he repelled rather than attracted, and in disposition he was lacking in enthusiasm. Worse still, his ingratitude was well exemplified when, after his brief but not altogether unpromising campaign of 1715, he, with Mar, Melfort, Drummond and other gentlemen of his suite, scuttled by a back way from his lodgings at Montrose, and embarked, in February 1716, on board a vessel waiting in the harbour to receive them, and in which they set sail for France, leaving his enraged followers to shift for themselves. The wonder is that Jacobitism survived this unworthy desertion; but political memories are proverbially short.

Prince Charles Edward, his son, was cast in a kindlier and more heroic mould, albeit headstrong and wanting in sound judgment, in that respect exhibiting some, though not the worst, characteristics of his forebears. But though his gallant bearing, his pleasant countenance and charm of manner, won the hearts of all with whom he came in contact, he could scarcely have accomplished his purpose even had he possessed a better balanced and less self-willed mind.

That his presence was a goodly one, was the verdict of cool Saxon temperaments, as well as of the clans, who as might naturally be expected, would indulge in exaggerated admiration of the Prince. Even his judg-

ment, the weakest of his attributes, was viewed as perfect. A reverend Doctor in Exeter contemporary with the Risings, wrote :—

How when he moves, in sweet amaze
All ranks in transport on him gaze,
E'en grief forgets to pine.
The wisest sage, or chastest fair,
Applaud his sense, or praise his air,
Thus formed with grace divine.

How great in all the soldier's art,
With judgment calm, with fire of heart
He bade the battle glow ;
Yet greater on the conquered plain,
He felt each wounded captive's pain,
More like a friend than foe.

What a colourless nonentity was the reigning king, Hanoverian George the Second, compared with this Young Chevalier!

Between the " Risings " and for long after they were quelled, there was a smouldering of the Jacobite fires. The embers of these, however, had to be kept well out of sight, for there were spies to be feared, and a bird of the air might carry the voice! On festive occasions, when the Sovereign's health had to be drunk, furtive glances would be exchanged, and the toast of " The King " was qualified by the speaker passing his glass over the pitcher of water that stood on the table: " The King over the water " being understood if unexpressed. Or, when in bolder mood :—

Here's to the King, Sir,
Ye ken who I mean, Sir.

The rhyme, as will be perceived, is not faultless, but the loyalty of the Jacobites to the King—their King—was beyond suspicion. " If I had ten thousand lives," declares one singer, " I'd give them all for Charlie! "

The earlier Jacobites of the North, both Lowlanders and Highlanders, looked upon the Stuarts as their own kith and kin unjustly dispossessed of their patrimony, and they, as well as their Southern allies, had an abiding hatred of William of Orange, and the House of Hanover. Putting ourselves in their place, it is small wonder that they could not tolerate the "wee German Lairdie," as they styled George the First, with his ignorance of the English language, and his obvious lack of anything in common with the subjects over whom he was called to reign. Says one :—

Auld Scotland was owre dark a hole
For nursing siccen vermin ;
But the very dogs o' England's court
They bark'd and howl'd in German.

Moreover, as Green the historian says: "The temper of George was that of a gentleman usher, and his one care was to get money for his favourites and himself."

The great majority of the Highlanders declared for the Stuarts. It is true that the Chiefs were divided in their allegiance. Those of them, and they were the larger number, who were either Catholics or Episcopalians, espoused the cause of the exiled family, whilst the Presbyterians among the clans, the Covenanters and the Southern Scots generally, inclined to the side of the reigning monarch. The latter did not, as a rule, take up arms against their rebel brethren, preferring to sit quiet and bide events. An exception to this was the formation by the Covenanters of the "Cameronian Regiment" under the Earl of Angus.

One juncture, indeed, there was when certain success awaited the Jacobites, had they but availed themselves of the golden opportunity. The Union of the Kingdoms was for a time so unpopular, that even the Covenanter

were constrained to rise against it and cast in their lot with the "sons of Belial" in an attempt to overthrow it.

This was about the end of 1707. The fatuous blindness of the Jacobite leaders failed to see it, or, if they did perceive it, failed to take advantage of it, and so this tide in their affairs, being neglected, left them stranded in the inevitable shallows that remain after the departed flood.

The Jacobite movements whether of 1715 or 1745, were not confined exclusively to the North beyond the Tweed, although the initiation came principally thence, and their manifestation there was more pronounced. In England the sympathies of the men of the north-west, and those also of the Welsh people, were largely on the side of the Pretenders, more especially of the younger; but it was not sufficiently strong to influence them in a resort to arms.

The Jacobites have been badly treated by most of the historians of the risings.* Ray the Volunteer in his slipshod and brutal history, throughout which his undiluted partizanship struggles with his gross illiteracy for the mastery, has not a single generous word to say for the self-sacrificing bravery of the Young Chevalier and his followers. Home's prosy and colourless account is written in a vein of undisguised enmity to the rebels. Burton, even, is scarcely fair. He writes from the stand-point of accomplished facts. Abstract justice demands a different treatment from the historian. Macaulay, the great historian of the Revolution, is also a sinner in this respect. He employs his brilliant, not to say dazzling, rhetoric to cover with opprobrium the adherents of the Stuarts in their earlier struggles, and present their motives

*There is one noteworthy exception: the history of the Rebellion of 1745-6 by Dr. Robt. Chambers, is an impartial account written in a spirit of great humanity.

and actions in the worst light. He fails to enter into the deep heart of the time and the men, and deals largely with the superficial, with the facile pen of a partizan. He labours to prove that the Highland Jacobites and their forebears were oppressors, robbers and cut-throats. He is equally bitter in his denunciation of the low country adherents of the exiled family. "To the English Jacobite," he says, "defeat, bankruptcy, famine, invasion, were public blessings if they increased the chance of a restoration. He would rather have seen his country the last of the nations under James the Second or James the Third, than the mistress of the sea, the umpire between contending potentates, the seat of the arts, the hive of industry under a prince of the House of Nassau or of Brunswick."* Statements these, amounting to mischievous sophistry, for which there is no real ground.

The calamities which Macaulay deprecated might have resulted from the reinstatement of the Stuarts—though we have more faith in the British race than to believe that even the best of monarchs is the controlling factor in the march of progress—but this does not prove that the Jacobites were indifferent to the greatness of their country. We venture to assert that it was because they cared, and cared deeply, for their country's welfare and its place among the nations that they fought, and bled, and died. They were mistaken, doubtless, that we know to-day, but their motives were both honourable and patriotic. The glories of the nineteenth century under the Hanoverian dynasty could not be foreseen in the seventeenth and the eighteenth. There was little indication, in all conscience, of that possible greatness during the reigns of the first two Georges, judged by the domestic

*History of England from the Accession of James the Second, vol. 3, p. 177.

and court life of either, and the example they set to the country; and men might be excused, and even justified, in preferring the Stuarts to some of their successors. Any blockhead can be wise after the event, and the historian appeals to the underlings from the lowest ground when he condescends to enforce an argument from the blockhead's stand-point.

He even goes out of his way to traduce the country of the Highlands, as well as the people. He quotes with approval an obscure writer of the name of Burt, who in the year 1730* wrote an account of his travels in the Highlands. "This man," says Macaulay, "was evidently of a quick, an observant, and a cultivated mind, and yet he pronounced those mountains as monstrous excrescences. Their deformity, he said, was such that the most sterile plains seemed lovely by comparison. Fine weather, he complained, only made bad worse, for the clearer the day, the more disagreeably did those misshapen masses of gloomy brown and dirty purple affect the eye. What a contrast, he exclaimed, between these horrible prospects and the beauties of Richmond Hill!"

This, let the reader observe, is the description by a man "evidently of a quick, an observant, and a cultivated mind!" It is clear that Macaulay had some misgivings in quoting the obscure, if cultivated, Burt, for he proceeds:—"Some persons may think that Burt was a man of vulgar and prosaic mind; but they will scarcely venture to pass a similar judgment on Oliver Goldsmith. Goldsmith was one of the very few Saxons who, more than a century ago, ventured to explore the Highlands. He was disgusted by the hideous wilderness, and declared that he greatly preferred the charming country round

*Burt's letters, though written in 1730, were not published till 1754.

Leyden, the vast expanse of verdant meadow, and the villas with their statues and grottoes, trim flower beds, and rectilinear avenues."^{*}

It is to be noted that these lugubrious descriptions are not given as Macaulay's own impressions of the scenery of the Highlands. He is careful to keep clear of any direct personal expression of agreement or disagreement with the views of the writers he thus quotes. To have either coincided with, or differed from them, would have weakened his position, and he is too good a stage-manager than to obtrude his personality when it is best kept behind the wings. He is only willing that the aspersions should go unquestioned—that this farrago of pernicious nonsense should be allowed to pass unrefuted. He gives the citations with evident gusto, in order to bolster up his theory that the Highlander of that day was a robber and a cut-throat of the most despicable kind; and that, as a consequence, the wanderer among the mountains of such miscreants was so apprehensive of danger that his loathing of the people influenced even his opinion of the character of the scenery.

Now, neither Burt nor Goldsmith suggest that they felt themselves to be in danger from the people of the Highlands. In point of fact, both travellers experienced and acknowledged the hospitality of the native race. Their aversion centred for the most part on the natural features of the country, and even when they decried the inhabitants and their customs, their antipathy to the scenery did not arise from their recollection of having experienced any risk, or suffered any dread of their personal safety, by reason of the plundering propensities of the natives.

^{*}History of England, vol. 3, pp. 301 and 302.

In spite of Macaulay we venture the opinion that Burt was of "a vulgar and prosaical mind;" and high as is our admiration for Goldsmith, we should decline to accept him as an authority on Highland scenery. Like Dr. Johnson, he probably preferred the prospect of Fleet Street and the Strand, to even the rectilinear parterres of Leyden and its neighbourhood. It is clear, in fact, that neither Burt nor Goldsmith (as indeed they themselves declare) cared anything for such scenery as they found in the Highlands, and that in their estimation, a trim campaign country was more to be admired than all the heath-covered excrescences of a mountainous landscape. They are welcome to their opinion, but we may be allowed to express pity for their taste.* The same travellers, we have no doubt, had they explored the mountains of Cumberland would have spoken of these in a similar strain of disparagement. That is quite sufficient to account for their reprobation of mountain scenery, without trying, as Macaulay does, to make it appear that their aversion to the country arose from a dread of the inhabitants.

*There were other early travellers in the Highlands who have recorded their impressions of the scenery. By way of antidote to the gloomy descriptions above quoted, take the following from a letter written by Gray (of the *Elegy*) to his friend Wharton: "The ground now grew unequal; the hills, more rocky, seemed to close in upon us till the road came to the brow of a deep descent, and between two woods of oak, we saw far below us the river Tay come sweeping along at the bottom of a precipice at least one hundred and fifty feet deep, clear as glass, full to the brim, and very rapid in its course. It seemed to issue out of the woods thick and tall, that rose on either hand, and were overhung by broken, rocky crags of vast height; above them to the west, the tops of higher mountains appeared, on which the evening clouds reposed. . . . Next day we set forward for Taymouth, the road wending through beautiful woods, with the Tay almost always in full view to the right, being here from three to four hundred feet over. The Strath Tay, from a mile to three miles wide. . . . On either hand a vast chain of rocky mountains, that changed their face, and opened something new every hundred yards, as the way turned, or the clouds passed, in

Granted that the Highland Clans had many a bloody fight, one with the other, it does not follow that their enmity extended to the stranger within their gates. On the contrary, the hospitality of the Highlanders has passed into a proverb. To assert the contrary is a foul slander on a warm-hearted people. "A Highland Welcome"† is one to be cherished by the recipient.

The admirable conduct of the Highlanders when flushed with victory in the Scottish capital and other important cities, in their invasion of England, and in their masterly retreat, effectually disposes of the cut-throat and free-booter theory.

Macaulay had little ground for his diatribes. He wrote of the Highlanders as he might have done had he been in the thick of the hurly-burly, and had experienced their vengeance. Standing at a distance from the events of the time, he had the opportunity of taking a broad and dispassionate survey. To his discredit, he preferred the opposite course. But when a theory (right or wrong) has to be buttressed, it is surprising to what lengths

short, altogether it was one of the most pleasing days I have passed these many years. . . . The road excellent, but dangerous enough in conscience, the river often running directly under us at the bottom of a precipice two hundred feet deep, sometimes masqued indeed by wood, that finds means to grow where I could not stand; but very often quite naked, and without any defence: in such places we walked for miles together, partly for fear, and partly to admire the beauty of the country, which the beauty of the weather set off to the greatest advantage. . . . But my paper is deficient, and I must say nothing of the Pass itself, the black river Garry, the Blair of Athol, Mount Beni gloe, my return by another road to Dunkeld, the Hermitage, the Stra-Braun, and the rumbling Brigg. In short, since I saw the Alps, I have seen nothing sublime till now."

†Burns's familiar lines will recur to the reader:—

When Death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come,
In Heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome.

human nature will go, and to what depths it will descend.

As regards the question of blind subserviency to leaders: Is that, after all, a peculiarity of the Highlanders in active Jacobite times? What about the mercenaries employed in English warfare, and in that of all the great Powers at one time or another? Has "Tommy Atkins" a mind of his own? Has he always a clear perception—nay, has he a glimmering conception, even in these days of universal education in which the soldier shares, of the rights and wrongs of the struggles in which it is his lot to be engaged? And even if he has, is he at liberty to question the justice or otherwise of the cause?

Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.

Why should the poor Highlander of a century and a half or two centuries ago, alone be held up to scorn by self-sufficient historians for his unquestioning loyalty to his chief, and through him to his King? We make bold to assert that the Jacobite Highlander was the most intelligent of the fighting class of his day.

Again, Tommy Atkins is, even when on the march, and on active service, well groomed and fed. It was not so with the poor Highland Jacobite soldier. And yet, with the plaid his only covering in storm and stress, and his little bag of oatmeal slung from his girdle, how much he dared, and how much he accomplished, even in the face of terrible odds!

In the same ungenerous spirit, the marauding propensities of the Highlanders in bygone times have been grossly exaggerated. But the Chieftains were not all of the Rob Roy type, living by plunder. It might strike any thoughtful student of the Highland past, that the very

fact of the depredations of MacGregor and his gang having gained a special notoriety, tends to prove that his was largely an exceptional case. There were other Highland robbers and freebooters, doubtless, but the civilised south, any more than the barbarous north, had no immunity from the presence of hordes of gentry of the robber class. Hampstead Heath, two hundred years ago, was less safe to the pedestrian than the remotest corner of the Highlands at the same period.

The stringent enactments which were passed to prevent Highland lawlessness, and punish law-breakers, are sometimes quoted to rivet the charge of universal and exceptional Highland depravity. Laws of that kind are a matter of course, and a necessity among even the most advanced communities, but they are aimed against those whom they concern. We have to-day to regulate the punishment of the criminal, even to the extent of depriving him of life, but the existence of these laws would hardly justify a charge, if levelled against us, of our being a nation of thieves and murderers. That has been charged against the Highlanders of the past, and not once or twice.

That agriculture in the Highlands was scanty, and of the most primitive kind is also a cause of reproach. Doubtless, agriculture was sadly neglected, but theirs was a barren soil for the most part. The people had no luxuries, their everyday wants were few, and their dark mountain game was plentiful; whilst their streams, rivers, and lochs abounded with fish. They had little or no instinct for exports—not much aptitude for trade, and the profits and gains which it yields. The trading spirit was hardly theirs. Their training for generations had been of a different kind. But the trading spirit is not always the most admirable. The people of the Highlands for the most part were poor, proud, and independent, and, with

slight modifications, that is the Highlander's character to-day. What then ! It is not for a southern huxtering loon to despise it !

There is a great compensation for the scurvy treatment of the Highlanders by so-called historians. The warm heart of the Poet has sung the struggles, the victories, the defeats of the men of Killiecrankie, of Sheriffmuir, of Gladsmuir, of Falkirk, of Culloden, in undying verse, and the story of their bravery and of their misfortunes will be remembered as long as there are hearts to beat in unison with heroic deeds and self-sacrificing loyalty, even when the cause they espoused was a mistaken one and a hopeless.

The succession of the Stuarts is still, in our own day, advocated by a society, the members of which rejoice in the title of "The Legitimist Jacobite League of Great Britain and Ireland." Theirs, one would think, is a prospectless and hopeless cause, and its adherents are not numerous. This is not spoken by way of disparagement, for it must not be forgotten that forlorn hopes are usually led by earnest spirits, if few in number. The question of judgment, good or bad, is another matter.

These latter-day Legitimists content themselves, for the present at least, with depositing an annual wreath at the base of the statue of Charles the First at Charing Cross, that of James the Second at Whitehall, and another on the Monumental cairn which marks the battlefield of Culloden Moor. They also issue a "Legitimist Kalendar," and one or other of the members contributes an occasional article to a popular magazine by way of apologia. As an example of what such an apologia may include, the following extract from an article in the joint names of the Marquis De Ruigny and Raineval, and Mr. Cranstoun Metcalfe, from the *Nineteenth Century* of Sept. 1897 may be cited.

“By the law of primogeniture, the Sovereign of these realms should be Mary the Fourth and Third, *née* Mary Thereza Henrietta Dorothea, Archduchess of Austria-Este-Modena, and wife of H.R.H. Prince Louis of Bavaria. Of her genealogical right to the throne as representative of the senior female line of the Royal House of Stuart, the male line having become extinct on the death of the Cardinal King Henry the Ninth, there is no dispute. The facts are stated every year in *Whitaker's Almanack* for all who run to read. The Hanoverian dynasty, being derived from a daughter of James the First, has no right to the throne until the whole issue of Charles the First is exhausted, which is not yet the case. The title, therefore, of the present dynasty is a parliamentary title only.” And again:—“The Legitimist in England recognises more fully than anyone else the duty he owes to the throne, and he is prepared to discharge it, although he knows that there is one who has a better claim to occupy it than she who has occupied it so gloriously and so long. Loyalty is not with him an unmeaning shibboleth. It is the compass by which he guides his course. He believes that, were the Monarchy to be overturned, red ruin would ensue, and he is not inconsistent with his principles if he accords loyal and unflinching support to Queen Victoria so long, at any rate, as Queen Mary puts forward no claim to the English crown.”

As the members of the League are powerless, even if they were disposed, for mischief, they are allowed, in this free country, to publish their views unquestioned, and their advocacy is not regarded, or, at least, is not proscribed, as treason to the reigning monarch. In short, the scintillatory trail which the cometic Jacobite movement left behind it, is being gradually dissipated in what may be fitly described as “the established order of things.”

They don't sing the songs of an earlier time, these present-day Legitimists. "What's a' th' Steer Kimmer?" "Bonnie Charlie's noo awa," and the others, would be an anachronism from the point of view of modern Jacobites, —as much anachronistic as they are themselves. "Will ye no come back again?" would be a fruitless question, which they would not think of asking to-day.

And yet, these songs are not forgotten! They are remembered and sung in many a Scottish home, and occasionally in English Concert Rooms, but not by Jacobite sympathizers. Sympathy the singers and listeners entertain, no doubt, to the extent of their knowledge of the misfortunes of the heirs to a crown, and those who stood by them and fought for them to the death. But their sympathy is of the imagination, and has no taint of high politics in its manifestation, much less of treasonable leanings towards the restoration of a disinherited race.

"A wee Bird came to our Ha' Door," is said to be one of Her Majesty's favourite songs. It may well be, for it is regal in its simple power and beauty. Both the air and the words are exquisite in their yearning tenderness and pity.

A wee bird came to our ha' door,
 He warbled sweet and clearly,
 And aye the o'ercome o' his sang
 Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"
 Oh! when I heard the bonnie, bonnie bird,
 The tears came drapping rarely,
 I took my bonnet off my head,
 For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Her Majesty will scarcely be suspected of Jacobite tendencies, but, like less exalted mortals, she has a historical conscience, and we know that hers is a tender, womanly heart.

Ah! how much is expressed—how much that can *never*

be expressed—how much of loyalty, of pity, of pathos, there is in the lines :—

I took my bonnet off my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

The song was written by William Glen, a native of Glasgow, who died in 1826. Glen, with the true poet's instinct, projected himself into the very heart of hearts of the ill-starred Prince's devoutest follower. Why has Painter never essayed to give us the presentment of this incident ?

I took my bonnet off my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

A worthy presentment of it would make that Painter's fame.

It is said that Glen died in poverty. His fame as the author of "A wee Bird came" is richer, and surer, and greater, than the poverty in which he died was deep—deep soever it may have been.

These Jacobite songs, or the best of them, and there are many best among them—have become a part, not only of the literature of our country, but of humanity, and they have a vitality which will make them endure as literature.

There are but few movements of an adventurous character in which so many ladies, both gentle and simple, have borne a part, or have taken such a strong personal and prominent interest, as in those of the Jacobite risings.

The Highland women, and, indeed, those of Scotland generally, evinced the most passionate regard for the young Chevalier and his fortunes. Ray, in his *Journal* states that he "uniformly found the ladies most violent. They would listen to no manner of reason." What else could Ray expect when both the hearts and the heads of the ladies were enlisted in the cause ! Mrs. Mackintosh, of Moy, joined Prince Charlie at the head of two hundred

Mackintoshes, her husband, the Laird, having refused to engage in the cause. Miss Jenny Cameron, of Glendessery, whose nephew, the Laird of that ilk, was too young to take part in the warlike enterprise which a summons from Lochiel (the chief of the Camerons) enjoined, roused the men of her clan to the number of two hundred and fifty, and, arming them, marched at their head to Prince Charlie's headquarters. This intrepid lady followed the fortunes of the Prince's army in Scotland, and being taken prisoner at the battle of Falkirk, was committed to Edinburgh Castle, from which, however, she was shortly released.

And the elderly ladies were as hot-headed as their younger sisters. "The women are a' gane wud!" cries the demented gudeman.

My wife noo wears the cockade,
 Tho' she kens 'tis the thing that I hate;
 There's ane, too, preen'd on her maid
 An' baith will tak' their ain gate!

Lady Mary Drummond, daughter of the Earl of Perth, in the song, "Lady Keith's Lament" of which she was the reputed author, says:—

I ne'er could brook, I ne'er could brook
 A foreign loon to own and flatter,
 But I will sing a ranting sang
 That day our King comes o'er the water.
 Though lyart be my locks and grey,
 And eld has crooked me down—what matter!
 I'll dance and sing ae ither day,
 That day our King comes o'er the water.

Another, with tragic devotion sings:—

I ance had sons, but now ha' nane,
 I bred them toiling sairly,
 And I wad bear them a' again
 And lose them a' for Charlie.

Well might it be said that the ladies would listen to no manner of reason. But what else, we again ask, could be expected?

The episode of the Prince's pursuit after his defeat at Culloden, and of his escape by the strategy of Flora Macdonald, whose kinsman, by the way, had espoused the cause of the reigning monarch, just lent that touch of pathos and romance to his career which drew out the sympathy of kindly natures. How true were the Highlanders to his person is evidenced by the fact that although a reward of £30,000 was offered for his capture, not a hand was raised against him, or a whisper uttered to betray his whereabouts during his five months of wandering and hiding in the Highlands.

Long years after the risings were quelled and all hopes of the Stuart succession cut off, Lady Nairne, daughter of Lawrence Oliphant, the Laird of Gask, and one of the young Pretender's aides-de-camp, sang the misfortunes of Prince Charlie in imperishable verse. Her unrivalled songs are full of patriotic yearning and a wistful looking back to the time of the young Chevalier and his gallant attempt to gain the crown of his ancestors. Her well-known song, "He's o'er the Hills that I lo'e weel," contains the characteristic verse—

His right these hills, his right these plains :
O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns ;
What lads e'er did, our lads will do ;
Were I a lad I'd follow him too.

Who can doubt it that has read the story of Lady Nairne's life? In her days, when she penned her songs, the hard practical features of the risings had faded—or, should we not rather say, flowered?—into the romantic. Her's was the witness of the palingenesia of Stuart

loyalty; the tender, wistful family experiences and memories which had become poetry, now either quietly cherished deep down in the heart, or ever and anon expressed in glowing words. The Lady Nairne's exquisite songs have done more than anything else to keep warm the memory of Prince Charlie and the story of his misfortunes.

The Jacobite songs that were contemporary with the Risings are naturally rugged and warlike, resounding with the clank and clash of claymores and broadswords, the rattle of muskets—even the curses of lawless men and soldiers. Of these early songs, many are sheer doggerel, often very bitter and abusive doggerel (though in scurrility of language the Jacobite bards were out-distanced by those on the other side), but, all the same, the feelings and impulses of the time—strong, ardent, fierce—are crystalized within them, and therefore they are historical documents of a valuable kind. Those which sing the woes of the defeated and exiled Stuarts have all the tender melancholy that comes of sad memories and blighted hopes, with now and again a strain of cheerful foreboding, never to be realized, that the "King might see his ain again." The severance of Charlie especially, was a tearing of the heart strings. The glamour of his name, his youth and attractive personality—all heightened by contrast with his father and grandfather—cast a spell over the susceptible hearts of his adherents.

There is a good deal of rough humour in many of the songs. William of Orange and George the First are made the butt of many a rhymster's jest. Their appearance, their habits, their nationality, are all held up to ridicule. Surely never was royalty more disparaged than in the persons of Dutch William and Hanoverian George. "Willie Wanbeard" and "Willie Winkie" they called

the one, and "The wee, wee German Lairdie," and "Kirn Milk Geordie," the other.

And down wi' Geordie, Kirn Milk Geordie,
He mann hame but stocking or shoe,
To nump his neeps, his sybows and leeks,
And a wee bit bacon to help the broo.

The song of "The Sow's Tail to Geordie" has reference to Madam Kilmansegge, Countess of Platen, afterwards created Countess of Darlington, one of the mistresses of George whom he brought over from Hanover; the same lady, who, driving with the King one day, and being insulted by the crowd (and this, be it observed, was a London crowd, among which there were not a few Jacobites), put her head out of the coach and cried, in her broken English, "Coot peoples, vy you wrong us? We come for all your coots." "Yes, d—n ye!" retorted one of the mob, "and for all our chattels, too." The Countess was uncommonly fat, hence her nickname of the "Sow."

The Covenanters came in for a full share of the Jacobite scorn and raillery. "The Cameronian Cat" is a song ridiculing the pretended strictness of the Hill-folk, one of whom, it is alleged, hanged his cat for killing a mouse on the Sabbath day. Hogg, in a note to this song, avers that he had himself heard them formally debar from the Communion Table "the King and all his Ministers; all witches and warlocks; all who had *committed* or attempted suicide; all who played at cards and dice; all the men who had ever danced opposite to a woman, and every woman that had danced with her face towards a man; all men who looked at their cattle or crops and all the women who pulled green kail or scrapped potatoes on the Sabbath day. And," he adds, "I have been told that in former days they debarred all who used fanners for cleaning their oats, instead of God's natural wind."

The ballad which celebrates "The Battle of Sheriffmuir" is brimful of humour. It was written by the Rev. Murdoch McLellan, Minister of Craithie, on Deeside, and deals equal justice, as well as blame, to the leaders of the different combatants; censuring where censure was due, and praising where praise was deserved. The engagement was an undecisive one, the right wing on both sides defeating the left wing of their opponents. It was not clear as to which side had the best or the worst of the struggle. The song puts this complication graphically in the chorus:—

There's some say that we wan,
And some say that they wan,
And some say that nane wan at a', man;
But of one thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriffmuir
A battle there was, that I saw, man,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran,
And we ran and they ran away, man.

The song "Awa, Wigs, awa," has much genuine humour, some of it of rather a grim sort. The tune is one of the oldest Scotch airs and one of best. According to a story that is told, it would appear that the exploit of the Piper of Dargai, in the recent Indian frontier troubles, was, after all, only the counterpart of that of another Highland Piper, who in one of the engagements, while playing this tune, fell mortally wounded by a bullet, and being on the brae-side near a river, he rolled down the embankment, clinging to his pipes and skirling out this tune, till, falling dead in the water, he was carried away by the stream.

The battle of Prestonpans, in which the Prince's army was victorious, is celebrated in the song "Johnnie Cope." There are few more popular songs in Scotland to-day

than "Johnnie Cope," with its fine chorus of ironical questioning:—

Hey Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?

The song goes on to recount how Cope, from Dunbar, his head-quarters, sent his challenge to the Prince, but on learning with what defiance it was received, for—

When Charlie looked the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
"Come follow me, my merry, merry men,
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morning."

Sir John, considering that discretion was the better part of valour,

He thought it wadna be amiss
To ha'e a horse in readiness,
To flee awa' i' the morning.

Which he according did, leaving Colonel Gardiner to bear the brunt of the Chevalier's onslaught.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came
They speered at him, "Where's a' your men?"
"The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning."

"Now Johnnie, troth ye were no blate,
To come wi' the news o' your own defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
So early i' the morning."

"I' faith," quoth Johnnie, "I got such flegs,
Wi' their lang claymores and philabegs;
If I face them again, deil break my legs,
So I wish you a very gude morning!"

The tune to which this song is sung is an excellent one, and has a fine rollicking lilt that exactly suits the words.

It is but fair to point out, in contravention to the ridicule which has always attached to Cope for his

alleged cowardice at the battle of Prestonpans, that Forbes who had the direction of civil affairs in Scotland at that period, and had the best means of knowing the characters of all the servants of the Government, uniformly gave Cope the credit of being one of the best English Commanders employed in 1745. If that be so, the song does him injustice. It is charitable to believe that Sir John Cope is one of those unfortunate historical personages, like King Richard the Third and Judge Jeffreys, whose character has suffered disparagement without sufficient cause. His reputation has been gibbeted in a song—or rather in one and a half dozen songs, for there is said to be nineteen sets extant of “*Johnnie Cope*.” It is a trite remark, but true nevertheless, that some people in this world get more, others less, than their deserts; hence there is always an opening for the literary sifter of reputations, after many days, to place things and men in their true perspective.

The incident narrated in the song of “*The Hundred Pipers*” appears to be authentic enough. It is said that on the capture of Carlisle, the Prince entered the city seated on a white charger and preceded by one hundred pipers. Alas! however, for the historical accuracy of the last verse. The passage of the Esk at Longtown, so graphically described, did not occur on the victorious advance of the Highlanders, but on their retreat after the return from Derby. They crossed the swollen river a hundred men a-breast. Two thousand of them were in the river at one time, and nothing of them but their heads and shoulders was to be seen. Holding one another by the neck of the coat, they stemmed the force of the stream and lost not a man in the passage. On reaching the opposite side, the pipes struck up and they danced reels till they were dry again.

Perhaps the best—but that is scarcely the word, let us say the most poetical—of the Jacobite Songs are modern. We have already referred to those of the Baroness Nairne. They are a splendid galaxy, and in the simple enumeration of them we feel that each is a bay leaf in the chaplet that adorns her brow; “Charlie’s Landing,” “Wha’ll be King but Charlie?” “My bonnie Hieland Laddie,” “Gathering Song,” “Charlie is my Darling,” “The Hundred Pipers,” “He’s owre thè Hills that I lo’e weel,” “Ye’ll mount, Gudeman,” “Will ye no come back again?” “The Lass of Livingstone,” “The White Rose o’ June.” Lady Nairne was the laureate of latter-day Jacobitism, and her refining hand removed the dross and gave us the pure poetic metal.*

Smollett was the author of “The Tears of Scotland.” We are indebted to Burns for “Drummosie Moor,” “It’s a’ for our rightfu’ King,” and several other pieces. To Scott for two of the best, “Bonnie Dundee” and “March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale.” James Hogg, whose lyric gift was remarkable, wrote several of great excellence, amongst them, “Cam’ ye by Athol?” “Come owre the Stream, Charlie,” and “Donald Macgillivray,” though, curious to say, he would fain have passed off the latter as an old-time production. Hogg also translated, or imitated, (as he prefers to say) a number of pieces from the Gaelic, all of which are of exquisite quality, among which may be named, “Maclean’s Welcome,” “The Hill of Lochiel,” and “The Lament of Flora Macdonald.” Allen Cunningham and Captain Charles Gray each produced several stirring pieces, the latter a new rendering of “Johnnie Cope,” which has great merit.

*It need scarcely be pointed out that Lady Nairne was the author of other exquisite songs, among which may be named “The Land o’ the Leal,” “Caller Herrin,” “The Auld House,” “The Laird o’ Cockpen,” “Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.”

The music of the Jacobite Songs is inseparable from the words. Most of the airs are old, much older than Jacobite times, and the names of the composers unknown.

The Jacobite Song-writers were fortunate in their tunes. "The best song that ever was written," says Hogg, "if set to a bad tune, must sink into oblivion." And the converse holds true. Verses however indifferent maintain their vogue if the tune to which they are wedded is a good one.

During last and the previous century there were floating about the country many excellent Scotch airs, to which only poor words were set. These the Jacobite rhymsters seized upon and appropriated, writing and adapting songs to them, whose tenure of life, would, in many instances, only have been short but for the airs to which they were sung. Other verses, again, have great merit and have an inherent vitality in themselves without the accompanying airs. But when the two are conjoined—good words to good music—the result is altogether propitious. Of the airs of this high class, may be specially named those to which the following songs are sung:—"Awa Whigs, awa," "The Battle of Sheriff Muir," "Donald Macgillivray," "This is no my ain House," "Somebody," "When the King comes o'er the Water," "The Cuckoo," "Both sides the Tweed," "Derwentwater," "It was a' for our rightfu' King," "What's a' the Steer Kimmer?" "Johnnie Cope," "Lenochan's Farewell," "Farewell to Glen Shalloch," "Bonnie Charlie" and most of the airs sung to the songs by the modern Jacobite Song-writers, from Lady Nairne onward. Of the more modern airs, some were composed by James Oswald, Neil Gow, junr., R. A. Smith, one at least by James Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd and others.

The Bagpipe has always borne a prominent part in Highland warfare, and in all warfare in which the clans

have been engaged. This, one of the most ancient of instruments, was at one time common to several countries.

In the ornamental bas-relief still to be seen at Melrose Abbey, founded by David I, in 1136, there are representations of various instruments, among which is the Bagpipe.*

James I., among his other accomplishments, is said to have been an adept performer on the bagpipe. On the night of February 20th, 1436, when he fell by the ruthless hands of assassins, he is described in the contemporary narrative to have passed his time in singing and piping, and in other honest solaces of great pleasure and disport.

But it is in the Scottish Highlands that the bagpipe has been cherished and handled with loving care. The great Highland military bagpipe, indeed, is as marked an advance on the bagpipes of other peoples as that of the modern pianoforte is on the Spinnet.

There is no musical instrument—no music of the martial kind, to be named beside it in the same breath—none to be compared to it in its weird, thrilling, soul-stirring chords.

The free air of the glen, the mountain side or the field of the contending hosts is its habitat. As well try to tame the panther for a fair lady's boudoir as fetter the bagpipe within four walls and beneath a roof-tree.

The music of the piobaireachd is no feather-bed chamber music. Strong, sinewy, muscular, it bends the heart and braces the nerves.

With its call to arms and to the onrush of battle, it is as though the keys were touched by ten thousand furies. Relentless vigour, dauntless valour, thrill in the martial strains.

There are no shrinking cowards within sound of the bagpipe. When the lament for the fallen brave fills the

*Dauney: Ancient Scottish Melodies.

chanter, the wailing notes, equally with the war notes, stir the blood, and quicken the life pulses ; stern in their sorrow for the slain, as in their joy of battle and their peon of victory.

O glorious Chanter, born of the dark mountains and the drookin mists, never was thy marrow in the realms of Apollo !

In Scotland, in the young days of the writer, there were peripatetic music teachers who went from village to village making a stay of several weeks in each, when classes for vocal music were organised for the village youth of both sexes. In the curriculum of these, along with the best songs of Burns and Tannahill and others, as well as a selection of sacred pieces, there was always a good sprinkling of Jacobite Songs. They were sung usually to the accompaniment of the Master's Fiddle. It is of the forties that we now speak. Those were unsophisticated but satisfying days, and impressionable temperaments remember and cherish them with lingering fondness.





WITH JONSON AT HAWTHORNDEN.

BY ARTHUR W. FOX.

IT was on a mild and clear December morning in the year 1618, at eleven of the clock, that William Drummond was sitting beneath the leafless shade of the huge sycamore tree, which stood, and still stands, in front of the grey old mansion of Hawthornden. His father, by his marriage with Susannah Fowler in 1584-5, was the first of the name to come into possession of the ancient house, where, on the thirteenth of December, 1585, the musical poet and philosophic Royalist was born. The air was so soft upon the morning in question, that the poet had laid aside his large, broad-brimmed, brown hat with its sparkling jewel and eagle's feather, and his closely-cropped hair was just stirred by a gentle breeze. The river Esk murmured plaintively against opposing rocks as it found its winding way along the wooded glen of Hawthornden, and the leafless trees scarcely swayed their bursting twigs before the morning wind. No one was near the young poet, yet he was dressed with even more than his wonted care, and his trimly poised head stood somewhat stiffly above his spotless ruff. His dress was arranged with that scrupulous exactitude which befitted a bachelor of his rank; and its sombre hue suited well with the reflective melancholy of his disposition. His mind, agitated for

the most part by tenderly mournful fancies, still treasured the unforgotten image of her whom he had hoped to have made his wife, but who had passed away in the springtime of her beauty. Though the extremity of his grief was over, he was thinking of her with that chastened sadness which time lends to the memory of dear ones lost too early, and his pensive glance was fixed upon some distant scene which was visible to him alone.

Behind him towered the old house with its grey gables and grim turrets frowning sternly down upon the fairy-like sprays of the winter woodland, while a green mantle of clinging ivy partly veiled the rugged masonry. Here generations of savage barons of the olden time had lived and harried the land with their lawless retainers; and here the poet's father, a soul as tranquil as his son, had settled down in the first days of his wedded life. Here sat Drummond deeply moved by the beauty of his surroundings; as he raised his eyes gently from his meditation, he saw woods standing bare against the blue haze of winter, he heard the distant voice of the Esk hurrying deeply hidden through the rocky glen; and he felt that the precipitous crags and the sturdy trees of the narrow ravine presented a serene picture of that perfect solitude, which was dear to his quiet spirit. Here he rejoiced to dwell in peaceful retirement, soothing his soul with calm philosophy or sugared verse, save when his thoughts wandered back to that vision of beauty, which two short years ago had dawned upon his sight to vanish untimely and leave him to heartsore recollection. Ever and anon a thought from the other world flashed across his wandering fancy, and he would pause in his contemplation to fix it in a sounding line, which he repeated over and over again, carefully polishing with each repetition until it ran to his mind. Thus after his wonted

fashion he passed the idle moments of waiting in tuneful creation and silent meditation.

He had not been seated long communing with himself and with nature, when his mind began to busy itself with the immediate future rather than with the plaintive past ; and he ceased even to pursue the delightful occupation of making poetry. He had something of a more tangible nature to employ his thoughts, for he was filled with anxious anticipation of the speedy coming of a guest, of much fame in the world of letters, whom he longed—yet dreaded—to meet. The great Ben Jonson, who swayed the literary sceptre in London with equal power and prejudice, was on his way to Hawthornden, and every moment Drummond expected his arrival, with increasing eagerness and modest expectation. Something of a recluse himself, the younger poet had been unable to form a correct picture of the mighty Elizabethan who had basked in the sunny company of the gentle Shakespeare and the genial society of his fellow wits at the “Mermaid,” and who now was the undisputed arbiter of literary taste in London. Ben’s vast scholarship was well-known by repute to Drummond, who had read and studied some of his plays and poems, but Ben himself was utterly unknown and unconceived. Rumours of his literary quarrels had reached Scotland in a faint and dubious fashion, but even rumour, for all its thousand tongues, had declined to say what the great poet was like. Ben, who had walked thither, had already been some time in Scotland, and it is just possible that rumours of an unfavourable nature had by this time reached Drummond. But the unfounded tradition that the sight of Drummond had been the moving impulse of Ben’s northern pilgrimage points to the fact that the two poets did not meet until they foregathered at Hawthornden. At all events, to see the great

man from a distance, and in the society of others, was by no means the same thing as to be his host, to listen to his words of wit and wisdom, and to sit at the feet of the literary Gamaliel. Such was to be the Scottish poet's fortune, and the refined recluse was awaiting the appearance of his guest with pleasure not unmingled with respectful awe.

He sat contemplating with no small pride the beauties of the glen of Esk, which owned him for their lord, while the light morning breeze played caressingly over his broad brow : when looking down the path to the house he caught sight of the burly figure of his huge guest rolling swiftly over the ground. He rose to meet the acknowledged chief of English authors with that graceful courtesy, which was his invariable practice to high and low : but he could not repress some inward wonder, when he gazed upon the coarsely-built and carelessly-clad figure of the mighty man, who was advancing to meet him. Could it really be that this clumsy-looking, corpulent giant was the sole arbiter of taste in poetry, and indeed, in every branch of literature ? Could this be the sage, whose judgment was accepted as final alike by the Court and by the people ? But Drummond was a polished gentleman, and he kept such obtrusive and disrespectful thoughts discreetly to himself, not suffering even a glance of inquiring astonishment to escape from his pensive eyes. Stepping forward modestly, and with courtly grace, he saluted his guest with the line :

Welcome, welcome, royal Ben.

which Ben instantly capped with the answering line :

Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden.

Whereupon the two poets burst out into hearty laughter and became friends instantly ; how long their friendship

was destined to last was a different matter; Ben Jonson knew how to make, not how to keep friends.

The host and his guest immediately entered the mansion, for it was by this time high noon, and though Ben had already partaken of a copious morning-draught, he was never unwilling to quaff another before dinner, nor indeed at any other hour of the day. Into the chief room of the house they went, Ben shouting all the way in his wonted loud and over-bearing fashion. His host listened, since he could do nothing else, with as much complacency as he could muster, while the very servants wondered what man it was, whom their lord received with so much respect, yet who was so noisy and so masterful. A greater contrast than existed between the two men can hardly be imagined; the London poet and dramatist, who however, prided himself upon his descent from the Johnstons of Annandale, was mighty alike in height and girth; his linen, which was subject to infrequent changes, was by no means spotless; his clothes were travel-stained and soiled with the sloppings of many a tavern; his face, though his features were massive, was marked and pitted with small-pox; his voice was loud, and his bearing violent and abrupt. By his side was the slighter figure of the northern bard, distinguished by his trim neatness of dress, his quiet, unassuming manners, his invariable courtesy, and his persistent yet unobtrusive attention to the comfort of his guest.

"Will you wash away the dust of your seven miles' journey from Edinburgh in a pottle of sack, good my guest?" he civilly asked, being no great wine-bibber himself. "The dinner will soon be set on the board, and when you have drunken, I will shew you your chamber, where you may redd yourself up for the meal."

"Ay, by this good light, that will I with all my heart,"

answered Ben, plunging into the nearest easy-chair and stretching out his bulky legs, while he pulled down his hodden-grey doublet without the smallest concern. "Good wine never hindered eating, and it is the opener of man's lips, whereby he may speak witty inventions."

The next moment he was dipping his grizzled beard into the pottle of sack, which, utterly forgetful of his host, he tilted upwards until he had emptied it to the last drop. "Od's life, I have forgot myself," he exclaimed, when he laid down the empty flagon with something of a blush; "I crave your pardon, good mine host; but the dust and sweat of my journey made me drouthy."

"You are pardoned, Master Jonson," smilingly replied Drummond; "I must forbear drinking my welcome to you till the dinner be served, which will be forthwith. Suffer me to lead you to your chamber, that you may wash your hands ere eating."

"Odso, you are in the right, Hawthornden," was the answer of the great man, who glanced thirstily at the empty flagon. "Go on, I'll follow thee, as gentle Will would have said."

He then rose slowly and permitted his host to lead him to his chamber, who could not choose but wonder at his sovereign contempt of those small proprieties which are the distinguishing mark of the gentleman. Ben talked all the time in which he was making ready for dinner, gazed through the windows and admired the scene, for he had a poet's eye, and the glen of Esk was beautiful enough to have captivated the most critical of the tuneful tribe. He did little else but souse himself in cold water, with the double object of paying respect to cleanliness and of cooling his head after his recent draught. Nor did he vex his soul about the niceties of toilet, though he was a familiar

figure in the splendid court of King James that other slovenly man of letters ; indeed, he seemed to have learned additional carelessness from his royal patron. Drummond on the other hand, who set no small store on these minor matters, wondered more and more, as he gazed at the great man, who neglected them so completely as trifles beneath his notice. Ben dried himself roughly upon the towel, till his pitted face grew almost as red as beet-root, dragged his sturdy hair into its place by means of a comb, the teeth of which he almost broke, scrubbed his head with a brush, looked at himself in a silver mirror and declared himself trim and tight, and ready for dinner. He never thought of drawing off his boots, though his host offered him shoes, or of changing his travel-stained linen, possibly because he had come ill-provided with the needful garments and trimmings ; but seizing his host's arm, he descended with him the oaken staircase and entered the dining parlour and library.

Here a sumptuous meal awaited them of those savoury meats which are the pride of Scottish cookery and which Ben loved as his own soul. The grateful steam had saluted his nostrils the moment he entered the chamber, and he looked kindly upon the old house-steward and butler, who was waiting to serve the pair. The table groaned beneath the weight of such Northern delicacies as pock-pudding, a lordly haggis, and a host of tasty meats, not forgetting manchet-bread and an ample supply of good wine. But to do him justice, fond as he was of the good things of the table, Ben was a man of letters as well as a doughty trencherman ; nor did he take his place until he had glanced at the well-filled shelves, with their rich store of sumptuously bound volumes of Greek, Latin, Hebrew and English works, neatly arranged by their methodical owner. He caught sight of many of his favourite classics, and of

the priceless thin quartos of some of Shakespeare's plays, and he could not refrain from breaking forth into a declamatory rhapsody on the books, even with the goodly savour of dinner distending his nostrils.

At length he sat down and dinner was served, Ben talking all the while, eating abundantly, drinking copiously, and praising himself not a little. Some of his food, and more of his drink, anointed his doublet, to the unspeakable agony of his precise host, who gazed at each falling fragment, and eyed each ill-disposed mouthful with as much concern as if he were soiling his own clothes. Nor was Ben careful to use his napkin, but without any constraint swept his beard with his huge grey sleeve: he ate and drank like one wholly unused to the usages of polite society: nay, sometimes he strove to eat, drink and talk at one and the same time, with results almost as disastrous to himself as to his already sufficiently mottled garments. Now and then he would be on the point of choking, so persistently would he shake the chamber with full-mouthed laughter at the least of his own quips. When he had done eating, nor was his hunger easily appeased, the table was cleared of all but the wine, and still Ben kept ceaselessly talking in his own boisterous and dogmatic manner, as if he had been laying down the law to the poetasters who haunted the Devil Tavern. Though he often began to speak of others, he always returned to the pleasant topic of his own greatness, on which he enlarged with ever-increasing wonder to his host and supreme enjoyment to himself. Nor did he deal gently with his opponents and rivals, but laid bare their faults with that same refreshing, if rather brutal frankness, which he seldom refrained from using to their face. He was not popular with them, and they abused him much behind his broad back; but none of them had the hardi-

hood to censure him to his face for fear of speedy and total annihilation.

Drummond next took Ben, who was sufficiently unwilling to leave the table, into his grounds by the darkling stream of Esk; and Ben admired and praised and returned to his wonted theme. The shadowy woods, the waving boughs, the rushing river, the rugged rocks, and the old mansion towering upon its airy height fired his fancy, and he quoted his favourite poets, Latin and English. But the quotation of poetry reminded him of the poems of his chief favourite—himself, and he shouted lines of his own, and began once more to talk of their author. So he spoke in his thunderous tones, while Drummond listened intently, eagerly drinking in the words of wisdom and epigrammatic sentences, which came pouring from the elder poet. These he treasured in his retentive memory, while he did not forget Ben's savage onslaughts upon those who were at enmity with him, or his lordly criticisms of one and all of the contemporary poets. Each of these unhappy bards had some glaring faults, from which he, Ben, was free, and their censure was his eulogy. It must not, however, be imagined that Ben's disposition was merely envious: he was only like most of his fellows, be they poets or ordinary mortals, in that he was full of himself, and not too ready to recognise the complete merits of his contemporaries. His own excellencies he knew, none better, while his faults were hidden from him by a merciful dispensation of Providence; and in his remorseless censure of others he was revealing the less amiable side of his nature in a manner that he was himself far from suspecting.

By this time the sun had set and evening was darkening over the sky, and the two poets returned once more to the house, where a great wood fire was burning and crackling

and roaring and shooting sparks up the spacious chimney. The silver sconces bearing their winking candles shone from the panelled walls, shedding a fitful glow through the chamber, which smiled with a subdued cheerfulness in the ruddy radiance of the fire. The blazes, as they danced on the hearth, saw themselves dimly shivering in the polished oak, wherefrom the family portraits gazed mistily into vacancy through the glimmering light. The table was set out with cold viands for supper, and more wine to quench Ben's exhaustless thirst. But the great man was not quite ready to sit down at once, in spite of the gently insistent invitation of his host, and looking over the book-shelves once more he took down one volume after another, leaving a greasy thumb-mark on those which were bound in vellum. As he glanced at each, he uttered a suitable comment with the weighty gravity of an infallible judge, whose sentence was pronounced once and for ever. "Od's blood and nails, William Drummond," he bellowed, "if you would be a good Latiner, you should read Petronius, Plinius Secundus and Tacitus, since they have spoken the best Latin of all the writers of ancient Rome."

"But I have read them long ago, Master Benjamin Jonson," returned Drummond, with ever so faint an emphasis upon the word *master*, which was not lost upon his guest. "I have read them once and again, and I love them right well; but methinks Cicero and Horace spake better Latin than they." "Nay, by the God that made me, I will not have it so, Master Drummond," shouted Ben, snorting defiance at the first breath of contradiction, "there is scarce a living man that knoweth the ancient authors better than I. You may assuredly read for delight Horace and Juvenal and Perse and Martial, an you will; but never rank them with greater writers than

themselves. Quintilian, his sixth, seventh and eighth books, should not merely be read but altogether digested by one who would judge aright of other writers and be a writer himself."

Drummond took down his Quintilian and showed Ben the pencil-marks, which proved him to have been a diligent student of the rhetorician; at the same time he modestly hinted that supper was on the table and that it would be well to partake thereof, since it was already wearing late. Ben needed no second invitation to the table, and taking his place he began to eat as voraciously as if he had never dined, and to drink as abundantly as if he had never tasted wine that day. At the same time he declaimed as if he had been silent all day, laying down the law as he was wont to do in London, and with even more than his accustomed dogmatism, since for once he had got a good listener. When they had done eating, the table was cleared, fresh logs were heaped upon the fire and some laid by the hearth for future use, while a great store of wine was placed on a small table near the fire. Thereupon Ben took out his tobacco-box and a broken bit of a pipe, and began to fill the room with unusual aroma. Drummond wondered more and more as he sat gazing upon the smoking leviathan, who was seated opposite to him, partly obscured by misty wreaths of perfumed vapour and dogmatising with all the insistence of a Presbyterian minister, though on far other subjects. He was too polite to contradict his guest, whose great reputation demanded a respectful hearing, yet in his own silent fashion he rejected more than one of the condemnatory judgments which were hurled at his head with all the force of the thunder-bolts of Jove.

It was indeed a wonderful thing to hear Ben talk; for with all his petty animosities hugely magnified in his

mighty brain, there was a kind of surly magnanimity about the man, which could not fail to impress, if it did not wholly captivate, his listener. In one of the very few silent intervals, when Ben was lighting his pipe with a burning brand, Drummond proposed to read some of his tender sonnets, being naturally anxious to win the good opinion of him who was regarded as the supreme judge in such matters. When he had done, he modestly asked, "What do you think of them, Master Jonson, will they stand? I would fain have your good word for my poor attempts."

If Drummond did not really think his verses poor, he was rightly served with a frank and not wholly uncomplimentary criticism. Ben turned himself about in his chair in order to take a full view of his host, and refreshing himself with a mighty draught of potent Alicante, he wiped his beard unconcernedly with his sleeve. Then looking full at Drummond, for he never feared to look anyone in the face, he said, "An you ask for my censure of your verses, my good friend Hawthornden, I would have you to know that they are all good and run marvellous sweetly! but you have writ nothing smother, nor more moving yet than your elegy on the Prince.* Alas! that he should have died so early! You have indeed shed golden drops as clear as amber for him, who was worthy all your tears. For the rest of your verses, though they have a sugared sweetness, they have one fault, by all that is good, and that no light one. They smell too much of the Schools, and therefore they are not after the fancy of the time."

"But surely, good Master Jonson," pleaded Drummond gently, though by no means convinced of the justice of

* "Tears on the Death of Moeliades," i.e. Prince Henry.

the criticism, "the Latins and the Greeks were masters in the art of poesy, and it cannot be other than good to follow such perfect exemplars."

"Why zounds, Master Drummond," shouted Ben stopping short and well nigh choking himself in the midst of a deep draught, "you would not imitate them? A very child can write after the pattern of the Greeks and Latins, and that running."

Silenced, but not convinced, Drummond proceeded to ask the master how he could best polish his verses.

Ben was ready with his answer, which he uttered with all the force of an ancient oracle. "By the mass, it were well, Hawthornden, for you to read Quintilian once more," he said "since he is a noble writer, that will tell you all the faults of your verses, as if he were jogging your elbow."

"But I have by no means forgotten to read Quintilian, Master Jonson," was the reply a little less patient than before. "Whom else would you have me read, that I may perfect my verses?"

"First there is Horace, who is infinitely polished," answered Ben, "but you would do well to pay careful heed to Plinius Secundus his *Epistles* and to Tacitus his *Histories*. Tacitus wrote the secrets of the Council and the Senate, as did Suetonius the secrets of the Cabinet and the Court. These will help you, as they have helped me; and I vow that I can write as good verse as any man living; yea, by heaven, and better too, when I am so minded. When you have done with your histories and read them and gotten them by heart, you will do well to read with like care Juvenal and Martial. Have you seen my rendering of his *Epigram*, which beginneth "*Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorum*," I trow not, for it hath not seen the printer yet." And without waiting for an answer Ben

began to spout in his own grandiloquent fashion, the whole of the translation of the said *Epigram* with pitiless emphasis and the repetition of several lines, to shew his host how good poetry was to be made. Nay, more he expounded to him with many words, and much gesticulation and more din, all his theories of the art of translation from the beginning to the end, illustrating them with numerous examples from his own works.

It was well for the two poets that Drummond was a patient man, or their relations would have soon become strained to the utmost. But the younger bard was able to sit opposite to the oracle, gently sipping his wine, which Ben was pouring down his throat in huge draughts. He was fully conscious that he had read and re-read and read once again the authors recommended to him, and he began to think that his guest gave him such advice to shew off his own learning. But whatever might be the topic of conversation, Ben led the talk designedly or otherwise into such channels, as finally found their way to himself and to his works. Drummond listened, feeling that he was face to face with a not over-amiable intellectual giant, whom he hardly dared to contradict. But he began almost insensibly to feel a growing repulsion from one who shewed himself utterly incapable of appreciating the sensuous beauty of the poetry which he himself loved. He treated Ben with perfect civility, while at the same time he took his opinions with an ample pinch of critical salt. He could not but perceive that the great man was tainted with jealousy of those who were too near the throne, while his intellectual vastness made him state his opinions with unvarnished frankness, and in their extremest strength. Thus the scholarly recluse sat quietly taking the measure of his mighty guest, though perhaps his measuring-tape was somewhat too short for such a

literary leviathan. It must not be understood that Ben was silent during the time in which Drummond was inwardly passing sentence upon his character. It was not in the great dramatist's nature to be silent long, and he was especially communicative to so patient a listener. He poured forth his censures kindly, or scathing, without the least reserve, seldom failing to compare himself with the subjects of his contempt, or the objects of his scanty praise, to his own immeasurable advantage.

"Od's life! my Hawthornden," he shouted, "this Alicante is a right sound wine: I have often tasted such when Sir Walter Raleigh sent me forth as governor to his son. And a wild springald truly was he, that loved to play his governor many a knavish trick. Once, the devil or his own wicked invention prompting him thereto, he used me very ill, causing me to be very drunken with a wine as good as yours, of which I ever loved a mouthful." Here he paused to refresh himself with a long and deep draught.

"A mouthful," thought Drummond, "I should rather say a pailfull, though he naturally buried such a profane thought in a discreet silence.

"Thereafter," went on Ben, little dreaming of what was passing through his host's mind, and it may be caring less, "he did lay me in an open car, which he caused to be drawn through the streets of Paris by pioners, while, for my part, I was sound asleep, not knowing where on earth I was. While he was having me drawn through the most public ways, he stopped to shew me at every corner, stretched out as I was, and told them that his governor was a more lively image of the crucifix than any they had; at which sport his mother was hugely delighted, as mothers are wont to be, when their sons play such cantrips, and she said that his father, when young, was so inclined. But his good father abhorred the deed and made his son smart

therefor. "Did you ever see Raleigh, mine host?" But without waiting for any further response than a negative shake of Drummond's head, he went on, "Nay, I had forgot: he was in the Tower when you were in London. He was a man of a quick, restless genius, who could never abide long in one stay. He cared but little for conscience, being wholly bent upon fame, who left him in the lurch at the last, like the deceitful minion that she is to such as seek her by deceit. You have doubtless read his *History*, which he hath writ in the Tower?" Drummond bowed his assent, and Ben continued, "Why man, by Apollo and the Sacred Nine! it was not his though it was printed in his name: the best wits in the land did lend him their pens and their learning too. Why, for mine own part, I myself did write him a piece of the Punic War, which, for aught I can see, was as well written as aught in the book; the which he did alter and mar and set it in the place where you shall now find it, an you will."

Drummond grew more and more perplexed, as the evening wore on, by his riotous guest, who had scarcely a good word to throw at any of the gods of literature, but who did not shrink from bountifully bespattering himself with that very praise which he denied to others. A deep sense of disappointment stole into his soul, and he hardly dared to ask this man-mountain of an Apollo for an opinion upon others of his productions than those which he had already mentioned. But he knew that Ben was often about the Court, and he was anxious to know how the King esteemed his poems; so he gently asked, "Hath the King forgotten my *Forth Feasting*,* or doth he remember its tinkling lines still?"

Ben, who had been interrupted in a delicious stream of

* Written to welcome James to Scotland in 1617.

self-praise, looked up with something of a frown, which could not have passed unnoticed by his host ; but reflecting on the fact that Drummond was his host, he simply dipped his beard in the goblet, and made answer, "Ay, by the foot of Pharaoh ! he was marvellously pleased therewith, and he often speaketh to the Court of its sweetness. And truly the verses run as softly as the murmur of the river beneath us yonder. The King, when one reciteth parts of it, is wont to clap his hands and cry "Ye see, my lords, what our Scottish Muses can do." I myself was once in presence of His Majesty, and heard him thus speak : whereupon to please him I said, "I would it were a child of mine own." "And that I do with all my heart," he added, seeing a slight shade passing over Drummond's brow at his qualified praise.

But the older poet was not in the habit of considering the feelings of others to any large extent ; he spoke what he believed for the moment, and those who heard him might either take or leave his words as they chose. The more he drank, the more eloquent he grew ; but his eloquence was centred upon himself, and he had little space and less inclination to appreciate other men of letters according to their real deserts. Yet every now and then his magnanimity showed itself in a not unpleasant fashion, which could not fail to win his listener's respect. "Did you ever see the play of *Eastward, Ho!* Hawthornden?" he shouted. "No, by the mass, I thought not ; you should do so, if ever it be played again. Chapman and that knavish scoundrel Marston made the most part of it, while I lent them my skill in filing it for the public taste. I was then as I am now, God be praised for it, in high favour with His Most Sacred Majesty, though I would never stoop to court favour for aught in the world. In the play the empty cod's-head, Marston, I

am very sure it was he who put them in, had made some malicious speeches against the Scots, which I neither made nor heard until I saw the piece acted at the Globe Theatre. But in spite of mine innocency Sir James Murray delated me to the King, for that I had had a hand in the piece, as it was first made for the theatre, I easily showed that I was guiltless of the offending passages, and the King was very loth that I should share the punishment of the two other."

Drummond bowed politely, to shew either that he sympathised with Ben, or that he agreed with the King, or both, but said nothing, being desirous to draw as much from his famous guest as he reasonably could. Nor did Ben greatly care for any man's approval of his conduct, so long as he himself was contented with himself—and when was he any other?—he was satisfied. "Yet, would you believe it, mine host?" he went on, his voice rising in pitch and swelling in volume as he proceeded, "I who had had no hand in the making of the objected speeches, nor had ever seen them, did voluntarily and of mine own free will go to prison with Marston and Chapman, who made the piece among them."

Here the giant paused in his declamation, and looked proudly round at his silent host, who raised his eyebrows in civil surprise, either that the King had permitted Ben to perform so great a piece of self-sacrifice, or to express his feeling that such conduct was only what might have been expected from one of Jonson's magnanimity. Quite content with this quiet expression of opinion, which he construed into the sense most pleasing to himself, Ben proceeded, slapping his mighty paunch and shaking his huge flanks with thunderous laughter, "Ay, marry, did I, the more fool I for my pains. There was some talk of slitting our noses and of trimming our ears for our folly;

but an you will look me in the face, you can see that they did not fulfil their threat; and, for my part, I deem it would have taken more than one man to have so maimed me, if I were unbound. But I trow I was enabled by my favour with the King to escape myself and to save the rest from a harsher punishment that else they would have gotten. When we were loosed I feasted all my friends at a banquet, where there were Selden and my old master, Camden, with some others of the like reputation. When we had done eating and were seated over our wine, before going out of the chamber, my old mother rose up and drank to me, at the same time showing to me and all the company a paper which she had, if the sentence had taken execution, been minded to have mixed among my drink in the prison, which was full of lusty strong poison; and that being no churl, she said she minded first to have drunk of it herself. Whereupon the whole company applauded the old dame and drank her health with much heartiness; whereby you see, Hawthornden, whence my sturdiness was derived to me."

To turn him for a moment from his homely reminiscences of such incidents of family life, Drummond somewhat slyly asked, "What think you of Marston for a playwright, Master Jonson? I have ever heard that he writ passing well."

Ben's "rocky face" grew dark with wrath, and his "mountain-belly" heaved with tempestuous rage: "What think I of John Marston?" he repeated, bellowing at the top of his booming voice, "the man is every inch of him a paltry knave and a fool to boot. It was upon him and one of his kidney, Dekker, that I wrote my *Poetaster*, when I had to fight with Marston, and I trow he got his bellyful. Him did I beat all over the ground, and took his pistol from him and sorely belaboured him with the

flat of his own sword. But Chapman was another man altogether, and I would have done more to serve him than I did, had need called, or I been able. His translations of Homer, his *Iliads* in long Alexandrines are the lightest thing he hath done; the only men beside myself that can make a *Masque* are John Fletcher and George Chapman; not but what I can beat them out of court in that, as in other matters. But as for that starven jackdaw, that meagre jackanapes, that filcher of better men's goods, that daw in stolen plumes, that pitiful, unhang'd thief Marston, would that I had him here, that I might make the puny whipster skip around the chamber for your delight. I care not in what he challenges me to a trial of strength, be it to fight in epigram, poesy, play-writing, or with the sword and pistol to boot. I am his match in all the five; yea, by the Lord that made me, and more than a match for such rotten featherpates as his!"

Here the veins stood out upon his forehead like knotted cords, his face glowed like a burning coal, and his voice grew so loud, that the old house-steward came into the chamber to ask if any had called, and his quiet entrance broke the thread of Ben's ferocious harangue. But glancing into the flagon, and seeing that it was all but drained to the last drop, Ben passed it over to his host, with a smile at his own vehemence, who commanded it to be replenished, and dismissed his servants for the night. When he returned with the wine, and before he bade his master "Good night," the old man cast a curious glance at the huge man, who had eaten like a hog, and who now was drinking like a fish, nor ever seemed to have had enough of the rosy stream of Alicante. He snuffed the candles and went slowly out of the chamber, turning once more to gaze in wonder upon the great poet, whose pealing laughter rang through the ordinarily quiet house, and whose voice was like the roaring sea. When he was

gone, Ben lighted another pipe, and his face shone serene in the presence of a fresh supply of good wine. His anger passed away as swiftly as it had risen, and he was evidently feasting his soul upon the cheering recollection of the great service which he had done to Marston, and of the good beating which he had administered to his foe.

"Draw nearer the fire, mine host," he said pulling up his chair, as he spoke; "What saith Dan Horace concerning a winter's day?"

Dissolve frigus ligna super foco
Large reponens, atque benignius
Deprome quadrimum Sabina,
O Thaliarche, merum diota.

Nay, good mine host, had he been sitting with you, even as I, he would have said or sung,

O Guilielme, merum diota.

You stand in need of the poet's wise injunction, William Drummond, seeing that you dip but in the care-subduing flagon as a swallow skims the waters of a pool. Methinks I can throw you off a halting rendering of mine own of the stanza. Ay, here it is, and all that belongs to it, as gentle Will would say:

Come melt the cold, fling logs of wood,
All-bounteous, on the hearth, and take
Draughts of the four-years' rosy flood,
My William, drouthy thirst to slake.

Have I not hit you shrewdly there?

My William, drouthy thirst to slake.

Ah, by the foot of Pharaoh, I have you there! One would think you had no thirst to slake, so little do you slake it, ha, ha, ha!"

Here Ben shook once more with loud-resounding laughter, as was his wont, when he had poked the fun, as he thought, at another, and Drummond was fain to laugh for company, though he scarcely relished the great man's

increasing familiarity. But Ben cared little for that; to him his jest seemed perfect, and the more so that he had made it in two languages, and he continued to drink and laugh and quote the last line of his extemporaneous rendering, until his monstrous bulk seemed to swell into even greater dimensions before Drummond's astonished gaze. Nor did he cease to talk, but poured forth a mingled flood of pregnant apothegm, pointed epigram, scathing criticism, violent abuse of his foes, torrents of burning condemnation of imaginary wrongs, generous pardon of those who had really injured him and phosphorescent flashes of occasional wit. He never seemed to tire, and poet after poet passed before his review to meet with crushing criticism or parsimonious praise. Shakespeare lacked art, and had made a number of men land in Bohemia, as though it were a port. Sidney was not true to nature, in that he made his peasants speak as correctly as he did himself. Spencer's stanza halted miserably upon the limping Alexandrine of the ninth line; nor was his allegory best conceived, or most fitly worked out. Samuel Daniel was a good honest man, who had no children, and was no poet. Fairfax's translation of the *Gierusalemme* was monotonous and unfaithful, so that Tasso was mocked in his English garb. Sir John Harington's rendering of Ariosto under all translations was the worst. Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion* was unmusical in its long lines, and he had taken away from the excellence of his poem by omitting the story of the heroes of each county, which he had promised to tell.

So this huge lumbering Thor went on knocking to pieces the gods of Drummond's admiration with his critical Miolnr, while the gentle poet of Hawthornden listened with increasing astonishment and with growing repulsion. The two men, in spite of the ease with which their acquaintance had begun, could not long have

remained friends from their utter incapacity of understanding one another. Drummond was an imaginative dreamer, who had carefully thought out a philosophic system, and who lived in a shadowy realm of sensuous fancy all his own. Ben Jonson, on the contrary, lived in the world which lay around him; he was, it is true, an intellectual giant, whose head was in the clouds, but he had planted both his feet firmly on the ground. He was supremely interested in his fellows, with whom he ate and drank and quarrelled, and whom he overwhelmed with abuse or gratified with praise, according as he was in a gracious or splenetic mood. The two men could never have long agreed together, and it was well for them that they were destined to be parted so soon. But Ben prattled on, pleasing himself and pleased with his own eloquence, never doubting for an instant that he was pleasing his host at the same time. He scarcely left uncriticised a single one of the great poets, and very few of the lesser men of letters of his day, each of whom he contrasted with himself to his own glory. He aired his theories of translation, pointing out mercilessly the defects of other translators, and comparing their productions in this branch of literature with his own. He quoted the poetry of others sparingly and his own abundantly; while every now and then he would troll forth the famous lines, of which he was justly proud, beginning, "Drink to me only with thine eyes." With each quotation from his own works he would utter a laudatory comment; but when he cited contemporary poets he used greater discrimination and truer criticism in his remarks.

So the host and guest sat over the waning glow of the fire till long past midnight, Drummond slightly sipping, Jonson deeply drinking the good wine, which was dear to his soul. At length Drummond's eyes began to blink drowsily, and he began to see two Bens, as though one

were not enough at one and the same time; whereby he rightly conjectured that he had taken as much wine as was good for him. Rising from his chair he advanced with a little less than his usual dignity towards the bedroom tapers, which he lighted as a gentle hint to his guest that it was time to retire. He escorted the mighty Ben to his bedchamber, and found his way to his own bed, wondering more and more how this huge wine-cask of a man so opinionated, so fond of praising himself, so quarrelsome, yet upon occasion so generous, had won his way to the throne of contemporary English literature. Ben for his part caring little for Drummond's possible opinions of him, doubtless soon fell asleep, thinking what a delightful listener his host had been, and how greatly he had distinguished himself in conversation that night. Thus the two poets rested each after his own manner, and each enjoyed his dreams until the chill winter sunshine called them once more to interchange their thoughts in kindly colloquy. Ben woke to talk and to lay down the law upon every conceivable subject, Drummond to listen in silence and to take notes; thus the world of letters is the richer from the boisterous eloquence of the one and the mindful reticence of the other.*

* Drummond's opinion of Ben Jonson is thus given at the close of the xix. section of the *Conversations*, as published by the *Shakespeare Society*, and edited by David Laing. "He is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him (especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth); a dissembler of ill parts, which reign in him, a bragger of some good, which he wanteth; thinketh nothing well. but what either he himself, or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kind and angry; careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but if he be well answered, at himself.

"For any religion, as being versed in both. Interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst. Oppressed with fantasy, which hath ever mastered his reason, a general disease in many poets. His inventions are smooth and easy; but, above all, he excelleth in translation.

"When his play of a *Silent Woman* was first acted, there was found verses after on the stage against him, concluding that play was well named the *Silent Woman*; there was never one man to say plaudite to it."



“MARY COX—HER BOOK.”

BY EDMUND MERCER.

IT is a vellum-covered manuscript book, the paper dotted with brown spots—“foxed,” I think, is the professional bookmonger’s phrase—and of the rough-surfaced coarse make of the days when each sheet was doubly precious because of the tax upon it. Therefore it is bound, not after the flimsy American-cloth manner of to-day, an ephemeral affair that may help to light a fire a week after its purchase ; but in a thick—and probably expensive—vellum, meant to endure, if need be for a century or two. Therefore, also, though but an “exercise book,” as a schoolboy would say, it would not be either a paltry or ridiculous present for a girl of fifteen or so.

This is perhaps what it was. A birthday gift from a father to a daughter fresh from the schoolroom, and on the eve of learning to keep house, under the watchful tuition of her mother. On the back, brown with age, is an inscription in a bold, clear, masculine hand—

MARY COX
HER BOOK

MAY THE 30TH, 1797.

which is repeated twice inside, surrounded by a series of conventional flourishes in red ink, evidence of the care

and pride of "dear old Dad" to make his little gift attractive to his little girl.

Her home was in the heart of one of the prettiest English counties, and was possibly a quaint many-gabled house, with roses clambering high up its front, fruit trees on the south side, and ivy wherever it could poke its rootlets, and get finger-hold. Almost certainly it was surrounded by a typical Cheshire garden, which, as her birthday came round, would be rich in apple, pear and cherry blossom, with chestnuts sending up their pinky spikes, laburnums dropping gold, hawthorns blushing with beauty, and the lilacs, elders, and mountain ash filling the air with perfume. In one part, the currant bushes and raspberry canes would be making a brave show, and the gooseberries—let us suppose them "golden drops"—giving promise of a great harvest, and the strawberries hinting at cream and other dainties in the near future, and in another part the roses, and hosts of other flowers, would be preparing for their summer display. Of course, the garden would have a quaintly-shaped lawn or two, and the kitchen garden—it goes without saying—would be a necessity.

In some such homestead as this Mary Cox began to compile her book—a book of recipes, original, begged, borrowed and otherwise appropriated. These she acquired in considerable number, and must have had the wherewithal to put them into practical experiment, since no reasonable woman—or man—would trouble to write down table prescriptions, some of considerable length, merely for the purpose of a Barmecide feast. That Mr. Cox was a man of means and had leisure to go a-fishing is evident. The first recipe, in a schoolgirl hand of the period, shews this: "To make Fish Sauce for Carp—Take half-a-pint of good Gravey, 2 large Spoonfuls of good Mushroom Ketchup, one of Walnut Ketchup and one of

Lemon Pickle, three Anchovies, a gill of Port Wine, then thicken it with Butter and flour." A couple of pages further the first item in a recipe for "Stew'd Carp" is "a Bottle of Madeira"—whilst port, sherry, madeira, claret and brandy occur frequently, and nearly always in "bottles" or "pints." Though such recipes as these would grace a poor man's table, they are not likely to be found there.

Mary Cox continued her compilation for about three years, with a gradual improvement in her caligraphy, and a variety of contributions from her friends and their pens. Then a not altogether unexpected element appeared in her life. On the front page of her book, just after she was eighteen, are two samples of another bold, clear, masculine hand, "Mary Cox, Augt. 27th, 1800," and "Mary Cox, High Legh, 17th Dec., 1800." Mary must have been gracious to Mr. Wilson, let us suppose that was his name, to allow him to write in her birthday gift, and he must have found favour in her eyes since by-and-bye she further permitted, possibly even requested him, to write out for her the recipe for a confection, of which, perhaps he was especially fond: "To make Oliver Biscuits." That Mr. Wilson—I wonder was *his* name Oliver—succeeded in inducing Mary to consent to a wedding, and that High Legh Chapel was a merry place at the time, say in the summer of 1801, is a sufficiently reasonable conclusion. Anyhow, from this period a considerable time elapsed before anything further appeared in Mary Cox's masterpiece. There was at least one little incident of her married life accountable for the hiatus; and this little incident required so much attention that the vellum-bound manuscript was well nigh forgotten. However, when the handwriting of Mary Wilson (née Cox) appears again, though similar to that of earlier days, it

shews in it the improvement and the character of a very feminine woman. It is very pleasant to note that Mary Cox had, in worldly language, "married well." The recipes are, if anything, more costly than before, and the descriptive adjectives of a high class. "To make Ginger Bread very Good;" "To make Excellent Small Cakes;" "Custards very Good;" "To Colour Blommonge of a fine Pink;" and so forth. Further there are recipes "To Pickle Pidgeons," as though they were so many onions; "To Pot Sturgeon," as if that were a daily occurrence, and an interesting confection called "Rusks," no doubt for the "little incident." After a few years Mary relegated her cookery book to her housekeeper, who contributed a few recipes which might have been better written had that dame's penholder had about it more of the physical nature of a rolling pin. Her contributions inclined to pastry rather than to the more substantial dishes and included one on how "to make Past for Tarts or Pys to Eat Short or Sheviry," and a second shewing how "To make a Sead Cake Another Whey." Evidently she was a woman of variety. Suddenly, in the middle of a recipe, the writing changes. Once more it is that of a schoolgirl, and I suspect Miss Wilson had a hand in it, perhaps at holiday times. Whatever and wherever her school may have been, it seems to have been one where they could, at least, teach writing; for, under date, November 13th, 1824, when Miss Wilson was twenty-one or so, is a most beautiful feminine hand, though the spelling has about it an originality which is undesirable in a highly educated—anybody.

I feel rather sorry for Miss Wilson. She was still Miss Wilson in 1840, and also on October 10th, 1842, the last date in the book. At that time she would be thirty-nine or so, and had apparently developed into an old maid,

almost all of whose recipes are of an acid kind, "for pickling or making vinegar"; and one on how "to destroy Bugs." Were these recipes the outcome of a soured, disappointed nature? Were they otherwise, I wonder? Her mother's writing is that of a sweet tempered woman, and the daughter's is not that of a crabbed girl. Perhaps she had loved and lost; and, retaining her sweetness of disposition, I think her only enemies were the "bugs," and all her acidity was confined to her various pickles, and her gooseberry, raspberry, apple, lemon and cucumber vinegars.

In the present year of grace all the characters in this little story will be dead. Where they rest, I do not know; neither whether my story may be truth or fiction. Which of the two it may be is not my care nor in my power to say. I only give the story suggested to me by "Mary Cox—Her Book."





A NOTE ON THACKERAY.

BY EDGAR ATKINS.

"THACKERAY'S connection with the law and lawyers," says a writer in the *Law Times* of 19th Nov., 1898, began in 1831. After leaving Cambridge (without taking a degree) he travelled on the continent for a few months, being rather undecided as to what profession he should adopt. At Weimar, where he met Goethe, he read a little civil law which he "did not find much to his taste." Nevertheless, in obedience to the wishes of his friends, he decided to read for the Bar, and in November 1831 he entered the chambers of one Taprell at No. 1 Hare Court, Temple, there to be initiated into the mysteries of special pleading. Thackeray looked forward to the law, not as a pleasure, but rather "as a noble and tangible object—an honourable profession, and, I trust in God, a certain fame." As might have been expected, he did not find himself happy in the legal *milieu*. His somewhat indolent temperament rebelled against the constant "grind." And so we find him writing in rather a melancholy strain to his mother as follows:—

"The sun won't shine into Taprell's Chambers, and the high stools don't blossom and bring forth buds. I do so long for fresh air—and fresh butter I would say, only it isn't romantic." In this letter Thackeray sketched himself perched upon a very high stool, with a clerk

vainly endeavouring to reach him by means of five folios and a step-ladder, while an old gentleman with an umbrella (presumably a client) placidly surveys the scene. In the same letter there is another sketch of himself asleep upon a pallet bed, while a dream procession passes with Thackeray leading in wig and gown followed by the Lord Chancellor in a gorgeous carriage while—characteristic touch!—at the foot of the bed stands Death. In another letter we have his well-known dictum on legal education as it was in the thirties, "One of the most cold-blooded, prejudiced pieces of invention ever a man was a slave to. A fellow should properly do and think of nothing else than L A W. Never mind." But although, while he was in Taprell's chambers, Thackeray seems to have been a fairly industrious pupil, occasionally he had lapses and did think about something else than L A W. For instance, just a month after he wrote the above letter, we find him so far from Hare Court as Cornwall, where he was helping Charles Buller in his candidature at Liskeard. This occurred in June, when he certainly ought to have been at chambers.

Thackeray soon tired of special pleading. In a year or so he shook the dust of Taprell's chambers from off his feet and went to Paris to study art. Thackeray's legal experiences were not however closed by his departure from Hare Court. It is not generally known that the novelist was called to the Bar on the 26th of May, in the year 1848, at the Middle Temple."

Prior to commencing his studies Thackeray wrote to one of his guardians requesting that the funds requisite to pay Taprell's fee might be raised out of his patrimony. The recipient of the letter enclosed it in one from himself to his co-guardian in which he expressed gloomy forebodings of Thackeray's future prospects.

It will be seen that a period of seventeen years elapsed between his entering Taprell's chambers and his call. Thackeray procured himself to be called with a view to improving his pecuniary position, and not merely to be a nominal member of the profession. Much light is thrown on the subject in the "Life of Richard Monckton Milnes," Lord Houghton, (3rd edition), at page 427 of the first volume of which will be found the following:—

"Again and again, on many different occasions, Milnes tried to befriend Thackeray in different ways, and in the year 1849 he strove to secure for him one of the London magistrateships which then fell vacant.

THACKERAY TO R. MONCKTON MILNES.

You are a good and lovable adviser and M.P., but I cannot get the Magistrate's place, not being eligible. I was only called to the Bar last year, and they require barristers of seven years' standing. Time will qualify me, however, and I hope to be able to last six years in the literary world; for though I shall write I dare say, very badly, yet the public won't find it out for some time, and I shall live upon my past reputation. It is a pity, to be sure. If I could get a place and rest, I think I could do something better than I have done and leave a good and lasting book behind me; but fate is overruling.

It is remarkable to find Thackeray in contemplation of the failure of his powers as a writer, calmly prepared to undertake an appointment involving one of the most serious of human responsibilities: the liberty and, in many cases, punishment of the subject, seemingly without any qualification except the lapse of time during which it is not unreasonable to suppose his legal knowledge, if any, would become fainter.





A DRAGON-FLY IN THE CITY.

BY JOHN MORTIMER.

"STRANGE looked it there," as Mrs. Hemans said of an exiled palm-tree in a northern garden. It was a beautiful iridescent dragon-fly, with gauze-like wings, and it was darting to and fro in the sunlight of a hot August afternoon, not over a reedy pool or beside a running stream, but over-head there in one of the busiest of business streets, with high-built warehouses on either hand, and a roar of traffic in the roadway. My attention was drawn to it by seeing a number of up-turned faces of men and boys whose progress had been arrested by the sight of the beautiful stranger whose movements they were watching with wondering admiration. Many misguided white butterflies one had seen of late in the city, thoughtlessly tempting vagrom youths to hot pursuit with cap or jacket as the materials for capture, but a dragon-fly was a rarer creature amid such surroundings. The king of flies, with its resplendent garb, brought grace and beauty to the sordid street; its presence was suggestive of green pastures, of the still waters where it had its birth and from which, like a "strayed reveller" it had wandered far away.

Taking that backward flight along the way the dragon-fly had come, one thought of the curious conditions of its development, of the ugly larva lying among the water-

weeds, a sluggish dull creature watchful for its prey and devouring there insects, snails, and other like delicacies with an insatiable appetite. For many months would it continue in this state with no beauty to commend it to the observer's eye, but all the while developing, underneath an outer husk or sheath, that grace of form and colour which would afterwards render it irresistably attractive. The natural history books tell us with scientific particularization how when the hour of emancipation has arrived, the aquatic larva becomes a four-winged fly ; but there are other descriptions of a more literary kind, which for that reason are more attractive to some of us, especially when the scientific facts undergo a practical treatment which seems, in a certain sense, to glorify them. In this wise does Tennyson, in "The Two Voices," describe the strange metamorphosis :—

To-day I saw the Dragon-fly
Come from the well where he did lie.

An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk : from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.

He dried his wings ; like gauze they grew ;
Thro' crofts and pastures wet with dew
A living flash of light he flew.

Or again its charm is enhanced when the phenomena are dealt with in a fairy tale, as in the case of Charles Kingsley's delightful *Water Babies*. After that little chimney-sweep Tom had himself been transformed into a water baby, one of his earliest aquatic experiences was to see another transformation scene whereby the dragon-fly larva underwent a change "into something new and strange." In this connection we are told how, "under a bank he saw a very ugly, dirty creature sitting, about half as big as himself ; which had six legs and a big stomach

and a most ridiculous head with two great eyes and a face just like a donkey's." How the water-baby saw this donkey-face fall off, and the strange creature, with much rending and riving, split itself all down its back and to the top of its head; how, having cast off these old clothes, Tom saw it climb up a grass stem to the top of the water and complete its change by drying itself in the sun, thereby disclosing on its body the most beautiful colours—"blue and yellow and black spots, bars, and rings;" how "out of its back rose four great wings of bright brown gauze, and its eyes grew so large that they filled all its head, and shone like ten thousand diamonds;" of all these things, together with much humorous dialogue between the water-baby and the fly you may be already acquainted, but if you are not there is something delightful left for you that is well worth the reading, and by which you may grow young again.

In the course of the narrative one learns that the dragon-fly was "very short-sighted, as all dragon flies are; and never could see a yard before his nose, any more than a great many other folks who are not half as handsome as he." That being so, one can understand how a dragon-fly might find its way into a city street and not be very conscious of the changed surroundings. Moreover—and this opens up another aspect of the dragon-fly's existence which contrasts strongly with the beauty and the poetry with which otherwise it is associated—it is a carnivorous creature, a dragon among flies, in its destructive powers. It is not, like Ulysses, "always roaming with a hungry heart," but with a hungry stomach that is said to know no satiety. It is, while on the wing, for ever feeding, feeding, and as the natural historian says, "When we capture a dragon-fly on the wing, and open its mouth, we find it filled with a black mass of small insects, held over for

mastication in a time of repose." So in this case is the truth exemplified that "nature is red in tooth and claw;" the beautiful dragon-fly comes not into the city street with any conscious purpose of gladdening your eyes or mine, but in pursuit of the insects which, on a hot August day, are to be found there. More in keeping with the order of nature does it seem to come upon the dragon-fly, as I have done, by the stream side of the woodland hollow in the pleasaunce, where the presence of the insects that dragon feeds on is made evident by a soft pusurrus or musical hum in the trees.

I never see it thus without, by an association of ideas, having brought to my mind some melodious lines of Mrs. Browning's poem, "A Musical Instrument":—

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river.

His purpose, as the poem goes on to show, was to make a pipe out of a reed, and when the Pan-pipe was complete he blew music from it of a most ravishing kind, by which even the dragon-fly was affected:—

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.



